

# THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE, AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, etc.

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Posthumous Letters, from various celebrated Men; addressed to Francis Colman, the Elder; with Annotations and occasional Remarks, by George Colman, the Younger, &c.* London, 1820. 4to. pp. 347.

Our readers are aware how much we like works of this kind. Though private correspondence does not altogether glaze the breast of man with that window, of which an ancient philosopher spoke, it lays the inner machinery of nature open to a certain extent; and while histories and essays present us with writers in the shape in which they wish to appear, letters of friendship and business throw off the case, and show them to us at least somewhat more like what they are. It is the difference between being dressed for a ball, and undressed for bed; if not quite nude, at any rate not covered with ornaments: it is to come more home to the title page, the difference between the Editor in grand gala on a court day as lieutenant of the yeomen, and at his own fireside in his nightgown and slippers: to say which is preferable would be an insult to common sense.

All the question with us then is upon the quantum of merit in volumes like that now before us; the interest we feel in the writers; the public curiosity attached to their subjects; and the manner in which they treat them. In these respects, Colman's *Posthumous Letters* possess many claims to popularity; and though we think the quarto shape rather formal and imposing, yet it must be stated that the price is by no means high (25 shillings). Some of the letters might perhaps have been omitted without injury to the work; but we could hardly expect, from the filial sentiments of the Editor, that he should have viewed them in the same light in which a stranger looks upon them, for they are chiefly the praises of his father from distinguished men, in return for presented copies of the translations of Terence's Comedies, and of Horace's Art of Poetry. Others, from Actors about their engagements, are however less generally worth perusal, and seem

to be merely make-weights. These, with a few exuberances and free allusions, are all that hypercriticism can object to in this otherwise very agreeable miscellany.

The letters are classed as follows. *First*, those to the Editor's Grandfather, Francis Colman, while Minister at the Court of Tuscany. *Secondly*, those to his father, in which the principal subjects are arranged and kept as much as possible together. The character of the whole is ingeniously and cleverly drawn, at page viii of the preface—

"Some of the letters from celebrated men, in this collection, possess little further interest than that of having been written by them;—but the epistolary *small-talk* of distinguished persons, or a specimen of their familiar style, or a note from them of the most trivial description, are interesting to perhaps nine readers out of ten: and, if this be admitted, it is trusted that no very grave censure will fall upon the editor who prints even their *tittle-tattle*,—provided it be not that dross from the ore of a superior mind which (as in too many instances, such as in the works of Swift,) the author never intended to expose, and never *should* have been exposed, to public inspection.

"In respect to the theatrical letters,—the history of our stage, and the biography of its retainers, have been detailed, by various hands, down to the present day; but, notwithstanding this harvest of dramatick information already gathered in, there are still innumerable gleaners in the field;—by such researchers, something may be picked up, here; something which, if not hitherto entirely unknown, may be supplemental to, and corroborative of, what has been previously told:—at all events, these papers were never in print before."

Our first step naturally falls upon the letters to Francis Colman. The subjoined judicious remarks are from the pen of William Pulteney, afterwards Earl of Bath, and whose wife, Miss Gumley, was the sister of Mrs. Colman. It is dated 21st September, 1727, and reads a good general lesson of life, though dictated by an avaricious person, and enforcing maxims, thank Heaven, far from being without noble exceptions.

"Now I have given you this trouble I must take a farther liberty, and you must not be angry with me if I hide you a little for your extravagance; What makes you throw away your money in Presents? I am much concerned for your expense on my account, and I blame you for it on any other body's, believe me Coleman, there are very few people worth valuing so much as to make oneself a farthing the poorer for them. For my part, I own that I am grown quite

out of humour with the world, and the more I grow acquainted with it, the less I like it. There is such a thing as Cunning, there is falshood and there are views of self-interest that mix themselves in almost all the friendships that are contracted between man and man. These make friendships hardly worth cultivating any where I am sure no where worth being at any considerable charge to preserve it. Do not mistake what I have said. I mean it not particularly to any one person, but in general I am sure what I have said is true."

We now take another example of Lordly writing about a hundred years ago, to which, such is the inveteracy of habit, the Editor appends a pun on the death of his own Grandfather.

"From the Earl of Essex.

"My Dear Colman,

"As the formal letter \* is now over, give me leave to write to you as from an Old friend, who is sorry he is so near you, & can't come quite to Florence to make you a Visit, I need not assure you if you come this way I shall be extremely glad to see you. I should be very much obliged to you if you would let your Steward buy me a good Pappan cheese, and some Mortadella's, & send them to this place, and let me know how many dozen of Florence one of your Chests Holds, & if its a good time of Year to send me some White & Red; y<sup>e</sup> White I should be glad to have of the sweet sort, and when I have your answer, I will send you word what Quantity I would have, & you will let me know to whom my Banquer shall Pay the Monny. & I should be very glad to know what Prices the marble Tables made at Florence come to, & what are the Common sizes you have of those with Birds & Flowers in them. I beg a thousand pardons, my Dear Colman, for giving you all this trouble. Pray my compliments to Mr Colman, & am, in a great hurry my Dear S<sup>r</sup>

Most faithfully Y<sup>s</sup>

"Turin August y<sup>e</sup> 26<sup>th</sup> 1732.

Essex."

"The British Resident at Florence was now approaching that solemn period which terminated his residence in this world. Mr. Francis Colman's declining state of health is evident, from the subsequent letter; and, in that which follows it, his DEATH is mentioned, quaintly enough, in a *Postscript*."

This postscript is indeed a rare one; but

\* The formal letter must have been the official opening of Lord Essex's correspondence (on his arrival at Turin) with a diplomatic brother. There is, certainly, nothing "formal" in the present *morceaux*; which is an admirable specimen of the utter contempt evinced by many men of rank, in his Lordship's day, for pedantry, in their familiar epistles.

we must prefix the letter, to lend it its full force.

"From Mary Colman to Mrs. Tyndall."

"Madam

"Mrs. Colman being uncertain whether she shall return to Florence to-morrow or No, desires that you will take all possible Care of the Child, and notwithstanding You will be obliged to attend the Consul who will be with you to-morrow, yet she begs that you would at the same Time leave the Child in the safest hands, as likewise take care of every Thing committed to your Charge, especially *Dear Peccè*, and not leave her to Cry but to take her with you every where where you properly can; which at present concludes from

"Yr

"MARY COLMAN.

Pisa, Apr 20, 1733.

"P. S. Mr Colman departed this Life this Morning at 35 Minutes past 7 o'Clock."

"To Mrs. Tyndall, Florence."

On the death of F. Colman, Lord Bath took charge of his son, and there are a number of letters from that nobleman to his ward. In one of them he quotes the following epigram, which it is probable he wrote himself, but which he describes as being dropped in the House of Lords by a Wag on a debate about bringing in Irish Cattle, when the Duke of Newcastle observed that "beef gave additional courage to soldiers."

Since Beef adds more Courage to Soldiers in Battle

I consent to the bringing in Irish Cattle.

But add then a Clause to the Bill, which annuls All free Importation of Irish Bulls.

To another of his Lordship's epistles, in which he lectures George on economy &c., is this note.

"Lord Bath's parsimony, in trifling matters, was, sometimes, laughable. I had the following anecdote from my father:—In a rural lane, through which the noble Earl often passed, in his carriage, a gate was placed across the road, which was opened for travellers by an ancient female. His Lordship, one day, touched by the appearance of the old woman, gave the word to halt;—the out-riders echoed the order,—the coachman pulled up,—the cavalcade stood still;—and William Pulteney, Earl of Bath, stretching forth his hand from his Coach-and-Four, bedecked with coronets, threw to the venerable object of his bounty—a half-penny!"

At the end of this division of the correspondence, is a very curious explanation of the motives which induced Will Pulteney to abandon his party, and connect himself with the court by accepting a peerage.

We shall briefly copy some of the most remarkable passages. A M.S. of G. Colman (the elder) mentions his visiting Lord Bath, and finding him with Hooke the Roman Historian.

"Upon my first entrance into the Room, (he proceeds) L<sup>d</sup> Bath was just closing an Account of a Conversation between himself

\* Who Mary Colman was, is uncertain: probably, a sister of Francis, whose death she announces.

and The King, by which it appeared that the Partizans in the Opposition had had some differences among themselves. Upon this occasion His Majesty made use of these words to L<sup>d</sup> Bath. 'As soon as I found you were at variance among yourselves, I saw that I had *Two Shops to deal with*, and I rather chose to come to you, because I knew that your aim was only directed against my Ministers, but I did not know but the Duke of Argyle wanted to be King Himself.' These words, it was agreed both by L<sup>d</sup> Bath & Mr Hooke were suggested to His Majesty by Sir Rob<sup>t</sup> Walpole.

"Mr Hooke then said that he had always looked upon his Lordship's conduct in that affair as a mystery, and so did most other people, who cried, 'It is strange that Will Pulteney should be taken off by a Peerage, when we all know that he might have had one, whenever he would, for many years before.' But that he had conversed with some of his Lordship's friends, who, though they also looked on his conduct as a mystery, still believed that he had good and honest reasons for what he did.

"His Lordship replied that he certainly had, that there were several curious Anecdotes relating to that affair; and some particulars known to no soul living except the King & himself; that he had never made any minutes of those transactions, but, that he could easily recollect all the principal circumstances; which he would at times endeavour to do, in hopes that Mr Hooke, as he had a fine pen, would, if he survived his Lordship, work up those materials into a sort of History of this affair."

The negotiations are then related, and it is added—

"Among many other particulars which fell from Lord Bath on this occasion, & which from the confusion and irregularity of the conversation I cannot well recollect, I particularly remember the following.

"When things began to draw to a Crisis, and the parties in the Opposition saw themselves soon likely to come in, they became at variance with each other concerning who should have the best places. This it was that occasioned that speech of the King's mentioned in the beginning of this account, and destroyed, said L<sup>d</sup> Bath, that glorious scheme which I had laid of bringing about a reconciliation in the Royal Family on a proper foot, & retiring with honour myself. When I found (continued he) what they were driving at, I went to the Prince of Wales, and first asked him whether the others in the Opposition had not been there before me. The Prince frankly owned that they had been with him. I then told him that I found that their views were directed to the securing rich preferments to themselves,—but that my sole aim was to reconcile His Royal Highness to the King on a proper foot, & to make him appear in a right light as Prince of Wales. To convince him of this, I only begged to come alone, & confront all the rest in His Royal Highness's presence; upon which the Prince appointed a meeting at his House in Pall Mall, at eight o'clock that evening. I went accordingly, and

found them there before me, viz., The Duke of Argyle, Lord Chesterfield, Lord Gower, Lord Cobham, & Lord Bathurst. Each of these spoke in his turn, and I answered each successively. When we had all spoken, The Prince said that he thought Mr Pulteney acted from the best motives, & delivered it as his resolution that he would go in with him. This was so sore a mortification to the Duke of Argyle that it is thought to have been the occasion of his death."

All that we can gather from the story is, that then, as now, the most violent oppositons might be prevailed upon to change sides; but from politics, we will divert our readers with two anecdotes.

"The confederates (in the war of 1769) hang up all the Russians (generally by the feet) who fall into their clutches, and the Russians put to the sword the Confederates; the Russian Cossacks have an admirable sang froid in these executions; the other day at a place call'd Rava forty or fifty Confederates were condemn'd to the Bayonet, but as They were tolerably well dress'd, They were desir'd to strip for the ceremony, the Cossacks not chusing to make any holes in their coats."

George Garrick was always ready at his brother's call. "George usually inquired, every night, on coming behind the Scenes, at Drury Lane, 'has David wanted me?' On it's being idly asked how George came to die so soon after the demise of his celebrated relation, the answer was,—*David wanted him.*"

There is a singular letter from Mathew Guthrie, which owing to its length we postpone, with the purpose of inserting it entire in a future Literary Gazette; and now pass on to a very interesting one, from Oliver Goldsmith, to Mr. Colman, who was Manager of Covent Garden Theatre.

"From Oliver Goldsmith."

"Dear Sir,

"I entreat you'll relieve me from that state of suspense in which I have been kept for a long time. Whatever objections you have made or shall make to my play I will endeavour to remove and not argue about them. To bring in any new judges either of its merit or faults I can never submit to. Upon a former occasion when my other play was before Mr Garrick he offered to bring me before Mr. Whitehead's tribunal but I refused the proposal with indignation: I hope I shall not experience as hard treatment from you as from him. I have as you know a large sum of money to make up shortly; by accepting my play I can readily satisfy my Creditor that way, at any rate I must look about to some certainty to be prepared. For God sake take the play and let us make the best of it, and let me have the same measure at least which you have given as bad plays as mine.

"I am your friend and servant,  
"OLIVER GOLDSMITH."

George Colman, Esq.

\* The much celebrated Goldsmith:—The Comedy in question, here, is "*She Stoops to Conquer*," which succeeded greatly.

Our next is a favourable specimen of the celebrated Macklin.

*"From Charles Macklin.*

*"Dr Sir,*

"I have just received a Species of Irish female Garniture which accompanies this note. I think it has Some fancy in it, tho manufactured in Boeotia. it consists of Seven Yards, enough for two gowns, or one Saque & Petticoat, I have often tried at Compliments to the fair Sex, but not finding myself happy at that kind of Eloquence I have taken my leave of it for some years. I request that you will dispose of this Trifle in your household, and that you will be so kind as to exercise your Genius, in my name, on this occasion in apologetic Compliment & Persuasion, which will much oblige yours, as you would have him,

*August 7th 1773*

CHARLES MACKLIN.

"P: S: I hope you are, in the midwife Phrase, as well as can be expected in your Condition. I hope you are near your time. Apollo Send you a good hour. \* I have had a disagreeable one lately—my Son unexpectedly, unprofitably, & unwelcome, returned from the East-Indies in disgrace, & justly, for being a bon vivant and guilty of all the idle Consequences of that unmercantile, & indeed as he has managed it, ungentleman-like Character. I was proud of his Employment in that honourable Service, as it is capable, by an assiduous & faithful discharge of that Trust, of furnishing great Knowledge & dignity of mind, & of rewarding the man with wealth and honour. I was proud of the Parts nature had given him, & of the Cultivation I bestowed upon them; I was confident of his assiduity & Success, & loved him to a paternal pitch of Zeal—now Judge of my State of mind. I was the happiest I am now the most perturbed Father in this Land. I can not eat, I have not Slept this week I can not read, nor remember; & tho Justice has disgraced him, Still he is mine, —& I think I Shall Still be happy in him—for he has a fine understanding, & is Sick in bed with Self disgrace & Penitence—which must reform—or kill him. which is my only comfort."

"My Chains are forged ready for putting on, this unhappy Incident has prevented my Seeing you.—I find paternal affection & Philosophy make a most unequal Conflict. nature will not be defied, she must have her way or make her Exit.—you are a Father, may you be a happy one—I pity the Character.—especially if the Fool is proud & fond,"

*"To George Colman Esq."*

The following relates an odd occurrence respecting the Beggars Opera.

*"From the Magistrates in Bow Street.*

*"The Magistrates now sitting in Bcw*

\* From the date of this letter, the Comedy, with which my father was then pregnant, must have been the *Man of Business*; not the most thriving of his literary children.

† Macklin has been thought, by many, to be a man of little feeling:—but, surely, his sentiments of paternal tenderness (so naturally here expressed) come from the heart, and are very affecting.

Street present their Compliments to Mr Colman, and acquaint him that on the Beggar's Opera being given out to be played some time ago at Drury Lane Theatre they requested the Managers of that Theatre not to exhibit this Opera, deeming it productive of mischief to Society as in their Opinion it most undoubtedly increased the Number of Thieves, and that the Managers obligingly returned for Answer that for that Night it was too late to stop it, but that for the future they would not play if the other house did not. Under these Circumstances from a Sense of Duty and the Principles of Humanity, the Magistrates make the same request to Mr Colman and the rest of the Managers of his Majesty's Theatre Royal Covent Garden; the same Opera being advertised to be played there this Night

*"Bow Street, October 27, 1773."*

*Answer.*

"Mr Colman presents his Best Respects to the Magistrates with whose Note he has been just honoured. He has not yet had an opportunity of submitting it to the other Managers, but for his own part cannot help differing in opinion with the Magistrates, thinking that the Theatre is one of the very few houses in the Neighbourhood that does not contribute to increase the number of Thieves.

*"Covent Garden—Wednes. Morn."*

The matter seems to have gone no further. But perhaps the most entertaining portion of the volume under notice, consists of letters from Garrick to Colman, principally written while the former was travelling in France and Italy. A very warm friendship subsisted between these individuals; and we are sorry to add, that his correspondence does little credit to Garrick, either as an actor or a man. It is indeed quite melancholy to notice the littleness of mind, and low worldly cunning, which it too frequently suffers to peep out. The following extracts appear to us, however, to be exceedingly entertaining. (Garrick is at Paris, Anno, 1763, he says)—

"You can't imagine, my dear Colman, what honours I have receiv'd from all kind of People here,—the Nobles & the Litterati have made so much of me that I am quite ashamed of opening my heart ev'n to You. Marmontel has wrote me ye most flattering Letter upon our supping together, I was quite in Spirits & so was the *Clairon*, who sup'd with us at Mr Neville's. She got up to set me a going & spoke something in Racine's *Athalie* most charmingly—upon which I gave them the Dagger Scene in *Macbeth*, ye Curse in *Lear*, & the falling asleep in *St John Brute*, the consequence of which is, that I am now star'd at at ye Playhouse, and talk'd of by Gentle & Simple as ye most wonderful wonder of wonders—the first Person I find going to England shall bring you Marmontel's Letter—D'Alembert was one of ye Company & sings my praises to all ye Authors of the *Encyclopedie*."

From Naples, 24 Dec. the same year—

"I am to have the honour & satisfaction of seeing the King's Italian Actors perform

before him in ye Palace, which is a most extraordinary favour; they perform *Extremopore*, & the Nobleman, who stands in the place of ye Lord Chamberlain has sent me word, that if I will write down any dramatic Fable & give the Argument only of the Scenes, in 24 hours after they shall play it before me as ye greatest Compl't they can pay me—I shall work at it to morrow—I hear there is one great Genius among the Performers—the Situation and Climate of this place are most extraordinary, & the People are still more so; they are a new race of beings, & I have the highest Entertainment in going amongst them, & observing their Characters from the ye highest to ye lowest—I was last night at their great Theatre, which is a most magnificent one indeed; I was really astonish'd at first coming into it—it was quite full, & well lighted up—but it is too great \*, & the singers were scarcely heard—the famous *Gabrielli* pleas'd me much; she has a good person, is the best Actress I ever saw on an Opera Stage, & has the most agreeable voice I ever heard; she sings more to the ear than to ye heart."

"I cannot quit you till I say something about Rome: I hardly slept the night before I arriv'd there with ye thoughts of seeing it—my heart beat high, my imagination expand'd itself, & my eyes flash'd again, as I drew near the *Porta del Popolo*; but the moment I enter'd it, I fell at once from my airy Vision & Utopian Ideas into a very dirty ill looking place (as they call it) with three crooked streets in front, terminated indeed at this End with two tolerable Churches—w't a disappointment! my Spirits sunk & it was wth reluctance that I was drag'd in the afternoon to see the Pantheon—but my God, w't was my Pleasure & Surprise!—I never felt so much in my life as when I enter'd that glorious Structure: I gasp'd, but could not speak for 5 minutes—It is so very noble, that it has not been in ye Power of Modern Frippery or Popery (for it is a Church you know) to extinguish its grandeur & Elegance—Here I began to think myself in *Old Rome*, & when I saw the ruins of the famous amphitheatre—

"*Omnis Caesareo cedat labor Amphitheatro*—I then felt my own littleness—& was convinc'd that the Romans were as much superior to the Moderns in Every thing, as *Vespasian's Amphitheatre* was to *Broughton's* †—it is impossible, my dear Colman, to have any idea of these things from any Prints that have been made of 'Em,—all modern performances look better upon paper, but these Ruins are not to be conceiv'd, but by the sensible and true *Avouch of your own Eyes*. tho I am pleas'd, much pleas'd with Naples, I have such a thirst to return to Rome, as cannot possibly be slak'd till I

\* If any one be curious enough to ascertain the dimensions of the Theatre here mentioned, (of San Carlo, it is presumed,) he may, then, possibly discover Garrick's opinion, though posthumously given by him, in respect to the magnitude of the present Playhouses in Drury Lane and Covent Garden.

† *Broughton*, of pugilistick memory.



have drank up half y<sup>e</sup> Tiber, which, in it's present state, is but a scurvy draught neither. It is very strange that so much good poetry sh<sup>d</sup> be thrown away upon such a pitiful River; it is no more Comparable to our Thames, than our modern Poets are to their Virgils & Horaces."

(To be concluded in our next.)

#### GALIFFE'S ITALY.

(Second Volume and concluding Notice.)

We do not find this volume quite so much to our tastes as the first. It contains further observations on Rome, and accounts of Naples, Florence, Bologna, Milan, Turin, &c. through which it is not incumbent upon us to follow the author, though his remarks are generally shrewd, and his trivial matter not more abundant than is usual with those who travel over a well known track. A few miscellaneous extracts will afford our readers sufficient insight into its delicias. There is at setting out a well drawn, perhaps a little exaggerated picture, of the modern Romans.

"A modern Roman (says our author) is, indeed, a singular being. Mr. Edward Banks described them by one of the best comparisons imaginable. He said they put him in mind of impressions of engravings from worn-out plates. This is exactly true: they seem to be but half finished; and in most parts so faintly portrayed, that you cannot conceive why nature perseveres in striking off more copies of them. Wherever the strokes are deep and strong, you may be sure there is a blot.

"The Romans are a sullen, pale, spiritless, morose people. They hardly ever speak, except to beg alms, which when offered they absolutely tear from the giver, without taking the trouble to thank him for them, and without showing the least satisfaction at having obtained them. They are not at all like the Italians we had previously seen; in fact, they are like no other living beings. The whole nation seems tired of its existence, and waiting for the sleep of death. Walking, seeing, hearing,—every act in short seems to be a painful exertion of exhausted mind and body. I never saw one of them smile.—I am now speaking of the native Romans of the lower classes, not of the temporary inhabitants of Rome, who come from various districts far and near, to gain their livelihood in the city."

The following notice of the leading men at Rome is interesting at this period, when Italy shakes with revolution.

"It appears to be generally admitted, that Cardinal *Gonsalvi* is the most liberal Minister that any Pope ever had; and most people think he would do a great deal of good if he possessed sufficient power; but he is for that very reason detested in the Conclave. He has not received Holy Orders, and may thus still marry if he chooses,—which I had always thought impossible for a Cardinal. But he does not stand alone in this respect. The Cardinals *Pacca* and *Albani* are similarly circumstanced, and possibly others with whom I was not acquainted. Cardinal *Gonsalvi* is yet comparatively young, (not above

fifty or fifty-five years of age,) stout, good-looking, gentlemanlike, civil, and cheerful. But it is extremely difficult (I might rather say, that it is quite impossible) to judge correctly of him at present. It is thought that if the Pope were to die soon, Cardinal *Litta* would most likely succeed him; but the intrigues of the Conclave are much too deep for the penetration of strangers."

Proceeding, we have proof that the age of superstition is not past. "Whatever may be the liberality of the Prime Minister, it is not sufficient to put a stop to the most absurd superstition. Little prints of the miracles attributed to the present Pope, were publicly sold in the streets of Rome; and some time before our arrival, an immense number of his shirts were sold in retail to the common people, and perhaps to better informed persons also, who fully believed that a small piece of one of them boiled in their soup, was the surest of all remedies against any disorder! I could not have credited this story, if I had not had it from a very honest merchant, who told it to me in the simplicity of his heart, as a thing of which no real Christian could entertain a doubt. This boiling of small rags is a common practice, as well with respect to the shirts of clean Saints, as to the dirty gowns of shirtless Friars. The gown of St. Francis must have had a train of prodigious length,—for the sale of it still continues!"

A sketch of a play at the Teatro Nuovo at Naples, must amuse the English public.

"There was a good set of performers at this theatre, amongst whom Signora Tessari, was particularly eminent. I saw a play here, of which the scene was laid in England, and as it is curious to observe the notions which the people are taught to entertain of England, and of the British Government, I shall give a short sketch of the piece. The scene (as I have said) lies in London; and the principal actors are, 1. An Alderman Voender, who is represented as a minister invested with despotic power. 2. A Milord Utson, Lord Mayor of London, who is yet superior to the former; for he appoints and cashier even Aldermen of his own private authority. 3. Mr. Voender, jun., who has married without the consent of his father, but the latter has seized upon the bride, sent her to India, and spread the report of her death. 4. A Captain of a man-of-war, who brings the young woman home again, and with her is cast into prison by the Alderman, in the presence of the Lord Mayor,—without any sort of accusation, or any other pretext than that it is the Alderman's will! However, the friend of young Voender, who had perfidiously betrayed him into his misfortunes, now repents, and with the help of the Lord Mayor brings the play to a favourable conclusion. The dress of the Alderman was a magnificent coat, with a gold embroidery of six or seven inches in breadth, two brilliant stars, and a blue ribbon! After such profusion of distinctions, it will be seen that it was no easy matter to keep up the dignity of the Lord Mayor in a becoming proportion, consistent with the means of the treasury and the wardrobe of the theatre: but the object

is attempted to be accomplished by investing him with a star or two more than the Alderman."

Alderman Wood himself could not appear in greater glory. From the play we learn to a description of the last sad scene of all, a funeral solemnity, if we may quote the author in calling it so, at the monastery of San Lorenzo, Salerno.

"The corpse of a woman was brought to the church, laid not in, but upon a coffin, covered with fine cloth, with gold fringe and tassels. The body was very decently attired, and showed the deceased to have been a person in a respectable station of life; but the only attendants were, a young man who preceded it with a torch, four penitents in their white gowns and masks who carried the bier, and a woman who followed. As soon as they came into the church, a monk began to sing the Office for the dead, to which one of the penitents chanted, or rather yelled, the responses. The latter had very comfortably seated himself in a chair, with his greasy cap on his head; and during all the time that he was thus joining in the service, he was busily occupied in packing up the mortuary cloth, the gowns, and other paraphernalia, which had been hired for the ceremony. He mingled the two occupations with the utmost composure and impartiality; sometimes singing with one end of the packing strings in his mouth: and the whole proceeding was the oddest burlesque of devotion,—the most comical solemnity I ever beheld. As soon as the singing was concluded, they placed the body in a vessel like a kneading-trough on the floor, and the woman took away the pillows which had supported her departed friend's (or mistress's) head, together with the white shoes from her feet, thereby exposing a pair of ragged stockings. A trap-door formed of two square stones, was then raised, and one of the men taking the body in his arms, carried it down a flight of steps into a spacious vault below, where he placed it in an arm-chair, in a numerous circle of dead gentlemen and ladies, who were all in like manner gravely seated round the vault, waiting till the places should be entirely occupied. When the circle is complete, all the corpses are then taken together and thrown without further ceremony into another and a deeper vault. When I observed to one of the attendants, that the stench of all these bodies must be dreadful, and might even be pestilential in summer, the man replied—'What shall I say to you? it is our profession.' ('*E nostra arte*.' Just as if his health and that of his brother 'artists' were all that I could be solicitous about."

We shall only add one paragraph more, relative to the burning of flies on the Arno at Florence, which curious act is thus narrated:

"On the 26th of July I witnessed an extraordinary spectacle,—that of the annual burning of several millions of flies, which ascend the river once a year towards the end of July or the beginning of August, and are immediately devoted to the flames. Great fires are lighted for this purpose on the two upper bridges, into which immense clouds



of them rush in rapid succession; the ground was covered with their remains to the depth of two inches at least, all round the fires. This operation seemed to inspire every one with mirth, and one of the destroyers availed himself of the good humour of the spectators, to raise voluntary contributions among them for the wood and straw which he had burnt in pretty large quantities."

In conclusion, we have to repeat our approbation of this work, which we consider to be among the best contributions from Italy of late years.

## BRITISH FRUIT TREES.

We resume our extracts from Mr. Phillips' excellent work on this subject, whereon so general an interest is spread over our gardens, orchards, and tables; and, as in our last Number, do little else than indicate the various subjects by (in printers' phrase) an italic side-head. We begin with some curious particulars relative to the

**Barberry.**—"I have (says the author) a barberry-tree in my garden near 20 feet in height, the branches of which extend over a circumference of 60 feet. It has been covered with blossom this spring, and had a pleasing effect in the shrubbery; but was so offensive for about a fortnight, that no one would walk near it during that time. It seems particularly attractive to singing birds wherever it is planted, especially the bull finch and the goldfinch, both of which often build in these bushes.

"A very singular circumstance has been stated respecting the barberry-shrub,—that corn sown near it, proves abortive, the ears being in general destitute of grain; and that this influence is sometimes extended to a distance of three or four hundred yards across a field. This is a just cause for bemoaning it from the hedge-rows of our arable fields, for which, otherwise, it's thorny branches would have made a desirable fence. When this coral-like fruit is ripe, it adds much to the beauty of the garden; but its acidity is so great, that even the birds refuse to eat it."

**Chestnut.**—"The remains of very old decayed chestnut-trees may be seen in the Forest of Dean, Enfield Chase, and in many parts of Kent. At Fortworth, in Gloucestershire, is a chestnut-tree fifty-two feet round: it is proved to have stood there since the year 1150, and was then so remarkable, that it was called "*The great chestnut of Fortworth*." It fixes the boundary of a manor. Mr. Marsham states that this tree is 1100 years old."

"Chestnuts stewed with cream make a much admired dish, and many families prefer them to all other stuffings for turkeys; they make an excellent soup; and I have no doubt but that chestnuts might be advantageously used in cooking, so as to make many agreeable and wholesome dishes. I have had them stewed and brought to table with salt fish, when they have been much admired, but it is exceedingly difficult to introduce any article as food that has not been established by long custom; and it is not more strange

than true, that the difficulty increases, if the object be economy.

The justice of this remark will be acknowledged by every observer.

"'Tis true, 'tis pity; pity 'tis, 'tis true.

"The importation of chestnuts is very considerable both from Spain and Portugal, yet I believe it is rare if ever there is a single meal made from them in this country. The Catalonians have this strange religious practice. On the 1st of November, the eve of All Souls, they run about from house to house to eat chestnuts, believing that for every chestnut they swallow, with proper faith and unction, they shall deliver a soul out of purgatory."

"The great chestnut-tree near Mount Etna is perhaps one of the most extraordinary trees in the Old World. It is called 'The chestnut-tree of a Hundred Horses,' from the following traditionary tale: Jean of Arragon, when she visited Mount Etna, was attended by her principal nobility, when a heavy shower obliged them to take refuge under this tree, the immense branches of which sheltered the whole party. According to the account given of it by Mr. Howel, this chestnut tree is 160 feet in circumference, and, although quite hollow within, the verdure of the branches is not affected; for this species of tree, like the willow and some others, depends upon its bark for subsistence. The cavity of this enormous tree is so extensive, that a house has been built in it, and the inhabitants have an oven therein, where they dry nuts, chestnuts, almonds, &c. of which they make conserves; but as these thoughtless people often get fuel from the tree that shelters them, it is feared that this natural curiosity will be destroyed by those whom it protects."

**Wild cucumber.**—"The juice of wild cucumber leaves dropped with vinegar into the ears, was thought a good remedy for deafness. *A decoction of the fruit being sprinkled in any place will drive away mice;*" it was also said to cure the gout, &c.; indeed, so many virtues were attributed to it by the ancients, that if we were inclined to give credit to them, it would cause our wonder to find they had any complaint uncured."

**The Currant.**—"This agreeable and wholesome fruit is undoubtedly a native of our country: it was formerly found growing in the wild state, in woods and hedges in Yorkshire, Durham, and Westmorland, as well as on the banks of the Tay and other parts of Scotland. As a further proof of its being a northern fruit, we have no account of its having been at all known to the ancient Greeks or Romans, who have been very accurate in describing all the fruits known in their time. It seems not to have grown so far south as France; for the old French name of *groseilles d'outremer* evidently speaks it not to have been a native of that country, and even at the present time their language has no appropriate name for it distinct from the gooseberry. The Dutch also acknowledge it not to have been indigenous

\* So simple a remedy for a destructive pest, is worth trying.—Ed.

to Holland, where it was called *beeshins over zee*. Whether the Dutch first procured this fruit from Britain, or from any other northern countries, we must acknowledge ourselves indebted to the gardeners of that country for so improving the size, if not the flavour of this fruit.

"The English name of currant seems to have been taken from the similitude of the fruit to that of the small Zante grapes, which we call currants, or Corinth, from Corinth, where this fruit formerly grew in great abundance, and which are so much used in this country for cakes, puddings, &c.

"The Italians seem to have no other name for the currants than *uette*, little grapes. At Geneva they are called *raisins de Mars*. The currant does not appear in the list of fruits published by Thomas Tusser in 1557, which I have transcribed to shew what fruits were cultivated in the latter part of Queen Mary's reign.

"Apples of all sorts, apricots, barberries; bootlesse, black and white; cherries, red and black; chestnuts; cornet plumbs; damisens, white and black; filberds, red and white; gooseberries; grapes, white and red; green or grass plumbs; hurtill berries; medlers, or meles; mulberries; peaches, white and red; peeres of all sorts; peer plumbs, black and yellow; quince-trees; raspis; raisons; small nuts; strawberries, red and white; service trees; wardens, white and red; walnuts; wheat plumbs."

The black currants, which were formerly called *aguinancy berries*, on account of their great use in quinsies, are natives of Sweden and the northern parts of Russia, as well as the northern counties of England, where they have been found in their natural state, growing in alder swamps, and in wet hedges by the banks of rivers. In some parts of Siberia, the black currants are said to grow to the size of hazel nuts. The inhabitants of that country make a drink of the leaves; in Russia a wine is made of the black currants; and it is also made in some parts of England."

"The currant-tree that was brought from the isle of Zante, by our Levant traders, and first planted in England in the year 1533, I conclude was the vine that produces the small grapes which we call currants, and of which the English use more than all the rest of the world together. This fruit grows in great abundance in several places in the Archipelago. We have a factory at Zante, from whence we import them so closely pressed by treading, that they are often obliged to be dug out with an iron instrument, the natives thinking we use them as a dye."

A few grammatical inaccuracies will be observed in these quotations; but they do not seem to render the sense of the author doubtful, and therefore we spare our readers the trouble of a gloss.

**Elder.**—"The leaves of the elder-tree are often put unto the subterraneous paths of moles, to drive those noxious little animals from the garden. If fruit-trees, flowering shrubs, corn, or other vegetables, be whipped with the green leaves of the elder

branches, insects will not attach to them. An infusion of these leaves in water is good to sprinkle over rose buds, and other flowers subject to blights and the devastations of caterpillars.\*

*Figs.*—"The Athenians were so choice of their figs, that it was forbidden to export them out of Attica. Those who gave information of this fruit being sold contrary to law, were called *sykophantai*, from two Greek words signifying the discoverers of figs; and as they sometimes gave malicious information, the term was afterwards applied to all informers, parasites, liars, flatterers, impostors, &c. from whence the word *sykophant* is derived."

"At Oxford, in the botanic garden of the Regius Professor of Hebrew, is a fig-tree, which was brought from the East, and planted by Dr. Pocock, in the year 1648. Of this tree, the following anecdote is related: Dr. Kennicott, the celebrated Hebrew scholar and compiler of the Polyglot Bible, was passionately fond of this fruit; and seeing a very fine fig on this tree which he wished to preserve, wrote on a label, 'Dr. Kennicott's fig,' which he tied to the fruit. An Oxonian wag, who had observed the transaction, watched the fruit daily, and when ripe, gathered it, and exchanged the label for one thus worded: 'A fig for Dr. Kennicott.'"

"It is a curious fact, that fresh-killed venison, or any other animal food, being hung up in a fig tree for a single night, will become as tender and as ready for dressing, as if kept for many days or weeks in the com-

\* [On the subject of this review, as commenced in our last, we have received the following, which we insert, as well for the information it notes, as for the opportunity it affords us of saying, that we esteem the volume it refers to, and its companions, the *Conversations on Chemistry*, and on *Political Economy*, to be among the most valuable manuals in the English language.—Ed.]

*Hackney.*

"Sir.—My Tutor takes in your *Literary Gazette*, and I am sometimes favoured with a perusal of it, which amuses me greatly. In your first article of the last week's number, on the diseases of fruit-trees, the author, whose work you are reviewing, recommends the trunks of apple-trees to be rubbed with the leaves and young shoots of elder, to which all kinds of blight hath an antipathy, and those injurious, although minute insects, would not only be destroyed, but that it would prevent their fixing themselves on these trees; and he requests the remarks of any of your correspondents who may try the experiment. Now, Mr. Editor, in a most interesting book, called *Conversations on Botany*, which I gained as a prize, I find the following information:

"Edward. Why does the gardener spread elder leaves near the mole hills?"

"Mother. To keep away the moles, which will not come near elder. You may have seen the coachman also putting branches of it in the horses' heads, to keep off the flies; for few insects can endure the smell of this plant. The faculty that most animals possess of distinguishing one plant from another, by the smell or taste, and of knowing whether they are noxious or salutary, is very extraordinary, and of great importance."

*Tyro.*

mon manner. A gentleman, who lately made the experiment, assured me that a haunch of venison which had lately been killed, was hung up in a fig-tree when the leaves were on, at about ten o'clock in the evening, and was removed before sun-rise in the morning, when it was found in a perfect state for cooking; and he adds, that in a few hours more it would have been in a state of putrefaction."

*Filberts.*—"It is supposed, that within a few miles round Maidstone, in Kent, there are more filberts growing at the present time, than in all England besides, there being seven hundred acres planted with filbert-trees in the vicinity of that town. The London market is entirely supplied from thence with these nuts, which are excellent in quality, and, if quite ripe, will keep good for several years placed in a dry room. Filberts are not only much more agreeable than the common nuts, but are esteemed wholesome and nourishing when taken in moderation."

*Gooseberry.*—"The gooseberry, which is now so much and so justly esteemed, is a native of Europe; and as it grew in the woods and hedges about Darlington, Cambridge-shire, Norfolk, and other northern counties, in the wild state, I consider it indigenous to this country, although Drs. Smith and Miller both entertained doubts of its being truly so. It appears not to have been known to the ancients, either in Greece or Rome, as their authors have made no mention of it; but it is noticed by the earliest naturalists who have written in this country, notwithstanding it was a fruit much neglected, according to Allioni's account, who says, 'they are eatable, but somewhat astringent.' Gerard says, 'it is called *feaberry bush*, in Cheshire, my native country,' and I find that it had the same name in Lancashire and Yorkshire. In Norfolk it was abbreviated into *feabes*. It appears to have taken the name of *gooseberry*, from its being used as a sauce for young or green geese."

"I have not attempted to give even the names of all the varieties of this fruit, finding them so numerous, that one nurseryman furnished me with his list, and obliged me with a sight of 300 varieties, the largest of which in weight was equal to three guineas and a half." [Three grains and a half, we presume.]

"The pale gooseberry was first brought from Flanders in the year that Henry the Eighth received the title of *Defender of the Faith*. This monarch, and his daughter Queen Elizabeth, seem to have encouraged the art of gardening, as, during their reigns, most of our best fruits and vegetables were first introduced and cultivated in this kingdom; but even during the reign of these sovereigns, gooseberry leaves were used as a salad by those who could not afford to send to Holland for a lettuce. The gooseberry is but little esteemed on the continent, for want of being more known; and foreigners seem astonished at the size and flavour of this fruit in England."

(To be concluded in our next.)

*Julia Alpinula: with the Captive of Stamboul, and other Poems.* By J. H. Wiffen, author of *Aonian Hours*. London, 1820. 12mo. pp. 237.

"Many men ther ben (saith the honest old writer of *The Testament of Love*,) that with eres openly sprad, so moche swalowen the deliciousnesse of jests and of ryme, by queint knittinge coloures, that of the godnesse or of the badnesse of the sentence take they litel hede or els none." Towards this sect, the author betrays a strong tendency. With glimpses of poetry, and a fine tone of poetical feeling throughout, he frequently contrives to be uninteresting, and does so multiply words, that ideas, originally good, and conceptions in their generation vigorous, come to be extinguished in the most dilute verbiage that can possibly be imagined to weary out the attention of the reader. Diffuseness is the bane of Mr. Wiffen's muse; and, as these ladies are sometimes personified with wings, flying about, we may say, that her flapping flight more resembles the heavy bustard than the soaring eagle, or even swift evolving swallow. Mr. W. has also either contemned the counsel which we offered him on his *Aonian Hours*, (*Literary Gazette* for 1819, p. 632,) or has found it beyond his art to avoid the style of composition which disfigured that work. If proper words in their proper places be a desideratum in verse, the numerous misapplications of epithets which appear in these numbers, are quite fatal to their character. A chaos of language is a very different thing from the occasional use of a bold phrase, and that sort of daring genius which led a Milton to sing of "Darkness visible." Mr. Wiffen is unlucky in this respect: and, as it seems to be done in defiance of criticism, we shall point out a few instances of the absurdity which the defect involves.

We but add—of things destroyed,  
One atom to the mighty void. p. 3.

This is a double puzzle; first a thing destroyed being still an atom and that atom, being added to what nevertheless remains a void!

Their passionate orbs (of eyes) such brilliant  
haunted,  
As soothed by turns. 19.

The haunting brilliance of her soothing eyes, however, is beaten by her smile, which is

A glory, bursting half from gloom,  
So vividly, and yet so swift,  
We cannot fix its transient bloom,  
For pleasure's, or for sorrow's gift;  
But deem it heaven's own cherubin,  
Lighting the lamp of soul within.

All which so dazzles us, that we think it nothing but rhapsody. Diana's temple's

The ambrosial pall that shuts out sin. 2.

And the following is a curious effect of memory—

When the bright past appeared a blot,  
Which apathy remembered not. 23.

We cannot comprehend

A color, making bright the shape  
And attitude of things. 33.

Nor how—

—the morn's whitest earliest flush  
Flew from the morrow's gates of pearl. 36.

Nor how—

The long processional departs. 43.

Nor how—

The purple slimmoo (has) its light tread  
When prostrate caravans lie dead. 51.

Nor how war can be called a "miscreating curse, 53; or come charioted in a waggon, 54, with "Eyeballs that act the gorgon's part," *ibid*; all which, in truth, are unto us nonsense, and worthy of the dogrel relative to the same subject which we here introduce, by way of parenthesis.

Heaven's angry Angel pour wrath on thee, War!  
Ambition and Cruelty harness thy car,  
And Ruin, and Rapine, and fell Decay,  
Herald thee on thy blighting way.  
Thou cancell'st Treaty at thy nod,  
Crumblest the robes of the Priest God;  
On the palace of kings and the peasant's cot  
Thou turnest thy visage and they are not;  
Where thy hurricane hurls, a capitol burns,  
And infancy's ashes fill innocent urns.  
Wrath on thee, War! thou hast given to the tomb

Tens of thousands to dread the day of doom;  
Thou hast fixed on the age that is rolling by,  
The terrible charm of the rattle-snake's eye;  
They have come to thy altar with fire and spell,  
To people the chambers of death and hell.  
Yet royal smiles, and yet beauty vows,  
They crown thee with laurel and myrtle-bows;  
And minstrels throng to their hallowed spring,  
Thy sanctioned homicides to sing;  
Dealing to nations a frenzied fire,  
Sorrow to mercy, and shame to the lyre.

Yet this stuff is followed by a sweet invocation to grief, when Helvetia has lost her last battle, which shows how capable the author is of better things.

Princess of mountain, flood, and fell!  
Helvetia! to thy crown—farewell!  
Weep! for thy patriots' hopes are o'er;  
Weep! for thy freedom is no more;  
For those who live, and those who sleep  
In death's cold chains of bondage weep!  
'Tis morn! (how *can* the morn look gay  
On the lost field of yesterday?)

Then again comes the ridiculous—

The clouds, which form the sun's pavilion,  
Are rolled in beautiful vermilion,  
Nor one faint shape of sadness wear,  
For all the thousands bleeding there.  
The ibex comes as it was wont  
At sunrise to the crystal font,  
But starts with trembling foot aside  
In horror of the waters dyed.  
No human voice or footstep fills  
The echo of the lonely hills.

At p. 66, we are told of there being no human sound to electrify the silence, while "The world flows on;" but we shall disturb no more of the ashes of Julia Alpina in this respect. The captive of Stamboul is equally filled with ill-sorted words. At the very outset the sea breaks

Deep, deep, below the turret's base,  
As though some giant heaved his mace;

And shook with an eternal sound,  
The dungeon vaults that tremble round.

Now your giants don't shake by heaving the mace, especially with an eternal sound; nor are shaking and trembling synonymous. A greater miracle still is a young Troubadour in his provençal wood.

When wine, and wit, and woman's praise,  
Had made his soul—an orb of rays! 100

We hear farther on of a night—

Which from heaven's recording leaf  
No time might blight. 107.

And of a sea view, we will venture to say quite novel to our painters, where the "far projecting shadow of a cliff lay on a brightening bay!"

The riddle of the morn's flush flying from the morrow's gales, in the preceding poem, is countenanced in this, for there is an appointment to meet,

—when at set of sun

The bearded Imaum's chaunt in air,  
From mosque, proclaims the *sunnan* done. 113.  
by a droll anticipation, and in the like spirit with which the warriors conclude in the same page, that "fall or flee," their latest rites shall be paid to freedom. The following is also a rather ludicrous instance of the simile of dissimilitude.

He stood as rooted to the spot  
By some o'er-mastering charm!  
So have I seen in vernal woods,  
Wreathing amid the violet's buds,  
With seeming calmness in its eye.  
The darkly-brooding serpent lie.

We fancy the author is the only person now alive, who ever saw a serpent of any sort, darkly-brooding or otherwise, *lie* at all, and far less *lie wreathing*, like a man who stood, and far less who stood rooted. We assure Mr. Wiffin that good sense is the spirit of all good poetry; and that this misapplication of words is the ruin of his imaginative and descriptive powers. Horace's advice is worth attending to

Scribendi recte

Sapere est principium et finis.

To justify the objections on this head, which we have urged so strongly, because we are sorry to see the author's fine perceptions of nature, feeling, and genius, thus perverted in their development, we shall only further add two or three passages.

Intense distractedness of mind  
Upon his blanched front is seen. (p. 119.)

Mien upon his front, forehead!

A seeming virtue, but a wily foe. (131)

What is the opposition?

To commune

With nought but the sun-loving swallow, and cloud

Soaring free,—soaring free!—in calm regions of noon

Of their limitless pleasure and liberty proud,  
And alone on the frailty of fortune relying. 145.

This appears to be inexplicable nonsense. What cloud is proud of pleasure and liberty, and what is the frailty of fortune on which it and its swallow companion rely. But we will not pursue this unpleasant speculation, nor shall we waste time in pointing out the

mean expressions which occasionally mar these pages. Availing himself of the modern license in poetry, the author makes such allowable rhymes, as wrath, hearth,—unawed, sword—planet, granite—fall, capitol—forewarning, dawning, morning—now, portico—temple, tremble—faith, death—dare, war—eye, virginity, &c. &c.: the last occurs in a strange account of a statue of Diana, which has

—that full, uninculcated eye

By genius' most divine excess

Fixed in the Vision of Virginité!!

We have also to reprehend the author for a sprinkling of grammatical inaccuracies and errors in construction, originating in the necessity for finding rhymes in tenses of verbs, where the sense of the passages would not have gone to look for them.

Of the pleasing thoughts ill expressed, we shall quote the picture of a fond father contemplating his child.

Gazing on her, a smile and sigh  
Would strive with him, she knew not why,  
She knew not why—she could not know  
How bitter thoughts on sweet ones grow,  
When in the daughter's face, we kiss

The mother's charms, those charms which lighted

Our young, romantic hearts with bliss.

The lone caressed, the quickly blighted;

When that dear love of early years  
Lies low, and cannot heed our tears!

Refined taste will here detect the poverty of the word *heed*, and the confused weakness introduced for the sake of the rhymes *kiss* and *blighted*.

Before doing that justice to Mr. Wiffin which his talents deserve, by quoting some specimens of his better parts, we shall venture to suggest to him, and to all writers of the same school, that a very efficient cause of their diffuseness and consequent want of interest, is to be traced to the nature of the plan on which they think they can construct a good poem. In his preface Mr. Wiffin says, "With regard to any objection that may arise in the mind of the reader from the paucity of incident in this little History, it may not be irrelevant to remark, that although the mind may be amused by the vivid and various delineation of fictitious events, the better sympathies of the heart are much more likely to be excited by the simplest narrative, founded on real circumstance, and the play of the sweet and amiable affections, than by the most complicated tissue of situations that have no basis beyond the imagination." Now our opinion is, that the reader who peruses a composition of considerable length in an hour's time, which cost the poet many a day's toil, ought to have some incident to link his mind to the fast following changes of passion, and varieties of sympathy which are sought to be excited. The bard may be playful on Monday when he conceives one part, and grave on Saturday when he writes another; but the reader cannot cram these transitions into the space of ten minutes; and there must be some action to lead him to those rapid alternations, which the author, owing to the long intervals, that occur to him, does not perceive.



The following extracts will show that it is neither from want of ability nor of admirable sentiment, that Mr. Wiffin has afforded grounds for the foregoing remarks. Julia Alpina begins thus beautifully—

With rapid wing, in ceaseless flight,  
Time sweeps along, and leaves in night,  
Each brilliant aim of life's short span,  
The joys and agonies of man.  
The storied arch that Glory rears,  
He mantles with the moss of years;  
O'er Beauty's urn in ivy creeps;  
Shatters the tomb where Valour sleeps;  
And quenches, ne'er to burn again,  
The fire in Freedom's awful fane:  
He sends the beating wind and shower  
Proudly to battle with the tower,  
And when in ruin they have rent  
Frieze, portico, and battlement,  
With scoffing lip he seems to say,  
"Weak worm! thou shalt be as they;  
Soon passion's fire, shall leave thine eye;  
Ambition fade, and feeling die;  
Hope faithless find its splendid trust,  
Thy pride claim kindred with the dust,  
And nothing more of thee remain,  
Than what remembrance views with pain,  
A startling Vision, void and vain."

Alpinus leaves home for battle; and a favourite tree is thus tenderly painted.

It spoke of all that's blest and pure;  
Of happiness that cannot last;  
Of hope, but hope may not endure;  
And peace, but peace itself is past.  
It spoke of a deserted claim,  
It seemed to whisper Julia's name.  
And must he leave that floor, where first  
Her footsteps ran, her charms were nursed?  
Leave the sweet tendrils which entwined  
With each emotion of his mind?  
How could he see his daughter's face,  
How meet her mournful, mute appeal.

A vessel under sail—

With bounding prow and bending pine  
Across the roaring Bosphorus,  
She yet bears nobly through the brins,  
As if she ever wrestled thus,  
And ne'er her pendants gave to fly  
In crystal bay or purple sky.

The captive's wife, in the second poem—  
She seeks not,—rather shuns repose;  
And now her faded aspect shows

Her many passions sunk in ONE:—  
The brilliant eye of other days,  
Dim, and the bosom cold to praise,

Which charmed so much when life begun;  
Sorrow alone on her white brow sits,  
And some deep feeling gleams by fits,  
Like ruins of the spirit's light

Burning on through years of pain,  
As the moon's track on the main,  
Glimmers through the dark midnight.

The rise and fall of empires is treated in a highly poetical strain (though *fire* is expressive, and to call *glow* a *thirst*, is bad).

See first how splendour's rushing rays adorn  
The peopled towers of empire in her morn;  
Thither the yet barbaric nations pour,  
And Battle's blast is blown from shore to shore.  
By fire and freedom in her bright noon nursed,  
The glow of genius is a glorious thirst;  
Then Power his pinnacle bestrides, and we  
View Taste spring forth, like Venus from the sea.

Radiant, and pure, and goddess-like to draw  
High aspirations, settling into awe.

Last Pride and Luxury, wedded to decay,  
Conceal, in clouds, the ruins of her ray;  
Faint, and more faint, upon the dial falls  
That ray, long shadows creep o'er crumbling walls;

When that, her sunshine of renown expires,  
The sons forget the grandeur of their sires;  
Heroes are shrunk to vassals; deeds sublime  
Are scoffed; and Liberty becomes a crime;  
Scarce known, through Slavery's gathering shadows flit,  
Like ghosts, the forms of Wisdom and of Wit;  
Taste breaks her pencil; Hope her charmed glass,—

Another age—and her descendants pass  
O'er altars rent, and sculptures green with grass;  
From gilded halls, the crouching tiger springs,  
And ivy crests the Capitols of kings;  
Doubt on his moonlit marbles sits, and spells  
Disputed names, and cancelled chronicles;  
And as the melancholy wind repines  
Through vacant temples, and deserted shrines,  
Sighs o'er the vigils which his fondness keeps,  
Or sickens at the solitude and weeps.

The following is also finely executed—

All is still but the wind on the wave,  
The minute-beat of the ocean's pulse!  
All is at rest but the hoarser rave  
Of rushing tides which the walls repulse,—  
That mighty voice, that hollow sound  
From all the mustering billows round,  
Heaved in a mass from realm to realm,  
As if the floods which erst did whelm  
The universal earth, were yet  
Not all assuaged, nor could forget  
How, in their rushing might, went down,  
Temple on temple, tower on town,  
The lofty mountains wild and wide  
With all their snows upon them,—Pride  
In his communion with the stars,—  
Battle; with all his crests and cars,—  
All, all the omnipotent created,  
And none were left of millions, none  
But Pyrrha and Deucalion,

To watch the waves as they abated,  
And smile, amid their wilderness,  
When the first star of their new night  
Put forth from clouds, its lonely light,  
As Venus dimly does on this.

The author who could write thus, ought not to have given us so much cause of complaint. We trust that when he again puts forth his light, he will not obscure its lustre with such shadows.

*Cornelii Nepotis de Vitis excellentium Imperatorum, Editio nova; &c. &c. Studio Alexandri Stewart. Edinburgi, 1819.*

This is a recent Edinburgh edition of Cornelius Nepos, an author whose merits have been so feelingly made known to most of us, that it is only necessary to mention his name, in order to recall their memory. Therefore, too, it might be thought that he required no notice from a reviewer; and, in point of fact, we are not going to say a single syllable upon the excellence of his *Lives*, for catching the mind of the young scholar, nor the purity of his style, for the earlier purposes of classical education. What has attracted our attention and deserved our praise in this neat little publication, is the plan upon which it is constructed. Marginal notes are added to the text, admirably calculated to help the Tyro to the full understanding of his task; and a Chronological Table completes this portion of useful information. There are also an Index of Proper Names, and instructive tables which explain and apply the Roman method of reckoning by calends, nones, and ides; but the great and peculiar recommendation to us is one of a typical kind, namely, the printing of the accents very accurately over the text. At the period when the boy reads Nepos, this affords a valuable assistance; and it seems to us, that in no part of his Latin education can it be so advantageously given to him. What he now learns will never be obliterated; and well-versed in this important and difficult branch in his first book, he will find the lesson of the utmost consequence when Horace, Virgil, Livy, Cicero, and Tacitus, succeed Eutropius, Nepos, Cæsar, and Sallust. We have only to repeat our perfect approbation of this edition, for its ample intelligence, correctness, and form.

*The Delphin Classics, with the Variorum Notes, &c.*

March, April, May, and June, have furnished us with four more of the Parts of this classic treasure, which finish Sallust, and carry us to A.U. 815, in the admirable history of Tacitus. Into these volumes we have looked diligently; and in the double character of subscribers and reviewers, it is pleasing to us to express our entire satisfaction with them. There being now XVIII. Parts published, we consider it a proper time to say that the continuation of the design is equal to its promise; and to repeat a sentiment which we stated more near its commencement, viz. that the lovers of learning have, in this publication, the best opportunity ever offered of making a classical library at a cheap rate, in a very useful and beautiful form, and of the highest order in the scale of literature.

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

### DEBRETT'S PEERAGE.

[Though unwilling to prolong the discussion on the errors in this useful publication, yet as we have admitted our correspondents (for we assure Mr. DebreTT there are *two*) to be replied to, and as their answers are not only amusing from their humour, but calculated to produce a very desirable improvement in the future editions of the work, we trust that by doing so in the present instance, we shall confer a double benefit upon our readers—give them a good laugh, and cause the correction of a book, whose popularity is evinced by the number of editions through which it has gone.]

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR.—I have perused with mingled feelings of mirth and compassion, the delectable epistle of Mr. John DebreTT, Editor of the Peerage, Baronetage, and Imperial Calendar. Being a plain matter-of-fact-man, I cannot hope to compete with that dull personage, in either wit or erudition, and must resign the field to him in those respects, without

attempting to crack jokes or quote scraps of latin. Nor shall I take any notice of the personalities which that facetious chronicler has thought it necessary to have recourse to. Patient however of injuries as I am, I cannot consent to give up my personal identity. You, Mr. Editor, can assure Mr. Debrett that I, who glory in the signature of the triple P, am quite a different person from him of the bi-literal appellation of J. M. We are, I suspect, from different sides of the channel. Mr. Debrett has thus been affected in a contrary way to the votaries of Bacchus, who are said to see every object double in their cups, whereas he has blended two people into one while pouring forth his indignation.

Passing by all this buffoonery, let me call to Mr. Debrett's recollection the true state of the case. I pointed out in his account of the noble families of Howth and Clarina, errors of the most palpable and ridiculous description; and I added, that it was scandalously negligent to continue them in edition after edition, said to be carefully revised and corrected. In answer, he tells me, that it is very easy to rectify these errors (the existence of which he cannot deny), which, if true, renders his negligence in suffering them to remain unamended for so many years, still more inexcusable; and that I am a scandalously mean fellow, which, whether true or not, does not establish the correctness of his peerage.

I confess, however, such is my obtuseness, that I cannot see wherein I am so scandalous. I gave for Mr. Debrett's book, four and twenty shillings, under the impression that it was accurate. If not accurate, it is not worth as many pence: and every approach to inaccuracy, is a sensible, a calculable diminution of its value. And I re-assert, that it contains as many errors as articles; but I must also repeat, that to prove the assertion at length, would occupy all your columns. If Mr. Debrett have the honesty to return me my twenty-four shillings, which I can assure him I regret parting with for his peerage, I engage to forward him by return of post four and twenty blunders as ridiculous as any already mentioned; but as he seems to wish for a farther exposé in public, I shall, with your permission, oblige him with a dozen specimens of his correctness, which I have collected in less than half an hour.

1st. P. 54. We are told, that the late Duke of Dorset was killed at Killarney in Ireland. Now his grace met with the sad accident, that put an end to his life, above a hundred miles from Killarney, in a different province altogether. He might as well say, that a gentleman killed in Norfolk, was killed in Cornwall. I confess I do not lay much stress on such blunders as these, because they are not very material. If I did, I could glean a hundred of them by barely casting my eyes over his pages; but as we do not consult peerages for historical facts or anecdotes, I shall only notice errors in what we principally do consult them for, that is, in dates.

2d. P. 73. George Paulet of Amport,

twelfth Marquis of Winchester, married in 1812 Martha Ingoldby, who died in 1796. In spite of this droll taste of marrying a woman sixteen years after her death, he had three children; and it is not the least wonderful circumstance, that he himself died in 1800, twelve years before his marriage. I have a dim recollection of reading in Mr. Lewis's Tales of Wonder, an account of a ghost-wedding; but I did not know till now that he had such authentic warrant for the circumstance. I must farther remark, that it is rather scandalous in Mr. Debrett to assert, that the noble lady of Sir Joseph Yorke was married twenty-seven years before her mother was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to her father; and that the late Marchioness of Winchester had a grandchild before she had a husband. I omit mentioning that he makes her son to be married a year after his mother. This is almost scandalum magnatum.

3d. P. 231. Here is more scandal. Bennett, third Earl of Harborough, married, according to this authentic register, in 1748, having had children by his lady in 1739, 1741, 1743, and 1744. What follows is almost as bad. This Earl had a daughter Frances, married to Colonel Morgan in 1776, six years after her father's death, which occurred in 1770; and yet we are told he left no surviving issue. What is the meaning of this? Does Mr. Debrett mean to insinuate that Lady Francis, though the Earl's daughter, was not his child?

4th. P. 986. Here we have scandal against a living lady. The Earl of Mexborough, he says, was married to his Countess, September 25th, 1782, and their daughter Eliza came into the world on the 20th of June preceding. Upon my word, Mr. Debrett, this is taking a shocking liberty with Lady Mexborough's character!

5th. P. 1248. Again to it! William Townshend, eldest son of Lord Ventry, marries Miss Jones in 1797; but her son by him was born in 1793. On the part of the Hon. Mrs. Mullens, I must take upon me to contradict this calumny, and to expostulate warmly with Mr. Debrett for treating her in this manner, in his scandalous chronicle.

6th. P. 375. Catherine, wife of Edward Devereux, eleventh Viscount Hereford, dies Feb. 2d, 1741, yet has a son on the 19th of the same month, and a daughter in 1743!

7th. P. 1045. This fashion of Lady Hereford's, appears to have been adopted about the same time in Ireland; for we find that the mother of the first Viscount O'Neil died in 1742, and had her eldest son, the Viscount, in 1748, six years after. It appears to me, however, that he is rather unfairly counted her eldest son, as her second son is born in 1746, which, I submit, is an earlier date. But that is a bagatelle here.

8th. P. 980. We have another post-obit birth—a circumstance I suspect rather more frequent in this peerage, than in the Lying-in-Hospital—in the case of Catherine, wife of the second Earl of Arran, who dies in 1770, and, according to custom, has a son in 1774, and daughters in 1775 and 1776

This would have been a valuable woman in a new colony.

9th. P. 584. William Brabazon, Baron Ponsonby of Inokilly, was born in 1744, and married in 1726, only eighteen years before his birth. He had three children nevertheless, one of whom, Mr. Debrett makes Knight of the Shire for Cork in 1817, though the gentleman at that time was not in parliament at all; and I perceive that the error is repeated in the revised and corrected edition for 1820. If an edition be published in 1850, I suppose he will still figure as M. P.

10. P. 899. Robert Fitzgerald, nineteenth Earl of Kildare, marries in March 1708, Lady Mary O'Brien, who died in the February preceding. As usual, this hopeful marriage produces eleven children!

11th. P. 966. Rev. Pierce Butler, third son of the second Earl of Carrick, dies in 1803, and as usual here, marries in 1806. His lady, I see, took a second husband. I hope her second match was more auspicious than her first. It must have been rather unpleasant to be married to a man who had been three years dead.

12th. P. 1271-2. In the former of these pages, we are told that Richard Handcock was member for Athlone in 1800, and in the latter, that William Handcock, first Lord Castlemaine, represented that town from 1783 to 1801. Now William represented it until 1804, and I believe Richard never at all. I should be obliged to Mr. Debrett, if he would tell me where he learned that the two Messrs. Handcock sat together for Athlone in 1800?

There is my dozen for you. It will be in vain for Mr. Debrett to shift these errors on his pressmen. They arise from *scandalous negligence* somewhere; and it is little matter to the people who like me are out of pocket for Mr. Debrett's bundle of inaccuracies, whether it is master or man that is to blame for them. I could not help laughing at the suggestion of the worthy editor, that I ought rather to have sent my corrections to him in a private letter, when I recollected how carefully he adds in his advertisement, prefixed to his worthy work, that all correspondence to him on the subject of the Peerage, should be post paid. This is, I suppose, what he calls soliciting corrections; but the plain English of it is this—you have lost one pound four shillings by me, and now to enable me to make another edition more correct, you ought to throw away a few additional shillings in postage.

I believe I take leave of Mr. Debrett here. He refers me to his Baronetage: I have seen that book. Does he wish to have my opinion on it. If so, let him say the word, and I am ready for it, in public or private.

I remain, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

August 10, 1820.

P. P. P.

P. S. The pages refer to the edition of 1817; but the errors exist as well in the edition of 1820 as in the former one, *not a single inaccuracy being corrected.*

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

[Post-mark Glasgow] 10th Aug. 1820.  
Sir.—I am happy to learn that the letters of P. P. and myself have attracted the notice of Mr. Debrett, as I trust this will lead to the result desired by me, and doubtless by P. P. namely, greater accuracy in his future editions. I therefore willingly spare myself the irksome task of sending you a list of errors in his English Peerage, contenting myself with assuring Mr. Debrett, that the assertion of P. P. as to the number of errors contained in it is by no means exaggerated; and that, by turning over a few leaves, any one may easily satisfy himself of the truth of Mr. Debrett's assertion, that he "never aimed at perfection." I am sorry, however, to observe, that he considers it "idle to attempt perfection." As, although I agree with him that it cannot be expected, yet, I must take the liberty of telling him, that it is his duty "to aim at perfection," as the only way of ensuring tolerable accuracy.

I would here willingly take my leave of Mr. Debrett; but there are one or two points in his letter which I feel myself bound to notice, and I trust you will indulge me to the extent of a very few sentences.

In the first place, I can assure him that he is quite mistaken as to the identity of P. P. and J. M. nor has either the least idea of who the other is. Mr. Debrett flatters me by alledging a similarity of style. I can only say, that there was no intentional imitation.

Mr. Debrett charges me with "scandalous meanness." I do not complain of this, but I may be allowed to say, that the charge is unmerited. My attack on Mr. Debrett's work was made openly, and supported by the best of all proofs—extracts from the work itself.

Mr. Debrett says, the errors I have brought to notice are "mere errors of the compositor, or dropping a letter at press." Some of them, (not all) appear to be of that nature, and would have been venial, had they not been copied faithfully year, after year, into edition after edition. If this does not justify the term "scandalous negligence," I am at a loss to conceive what would.

I would humbly advise Mr. Debrett, when he does copy from Wood's admirable edition of Douglas's Peerage, to do so with greater accuracy. In an annual work the same correctness cannot reasonably be looked for; but the purchasers are entitled to expect at least careful copying; and, on comparing some of the passages I formerly mentioned, with the parallel ones in Wood, I find, in most cases, the errors arise from inaccuracy in transcribing.\*

Finally, when Mr. Debrett writes in a passion, he should not boast of his calmness. His letter brings to my mind the worthy knight Sir Anthony Absolute, who thought himself "cool, quite cool," but every one else in a rage. I ask pardon for

\* e.g. The account of the family of Hugh, late Earl of Eglington; and of the issue of the late Hon. Henry Erskine, the latter under the article Earl of Buchan—*sans multiplicité*.

this intrusion, and beg to say, that, however provoked, I shall not offend in the same way again, having no ambition to prolong a controversy on so unimportant a subject.

I am, Mr. Editor,  
Your faithful and obedient servant,  
J. M. (Scotus.)

## LITERATURE & LEARNED SOCIETIES.

### FINNLAND, AND ITS LITERATURE.

Extract from a letter written by the celebrated Danish traveller, Mr. Raah.

The Finns, since their union with Russia, which has in some manner raised them to the rank of an independent people, have waked from their slumber, and a new era of their literature has begun. It must be owned, that for a considerable time past, the treatment of the Finns does honor to the sovereign. If it should be alledged that policy is the motive, yet we may reasonably bless that policy, the effect of which is, the improvement of a generous nation; and this effect is evident, not only in the intellectual improvement, but in the welfare and character of the people. They are moral, sedate, laborious, frugal, serious, hospitable, and upright in the highest degree. The magnanimity of the present Russian government has especially had a great influence on the Finns, particularly in the union of what is called Old Finland, (the government of Wyborg) with New Finland, under one government, with the same (Swedish) laws, of which there is a very good translation into the native tongue. All the inhabitants of Finland, within a few miles of St. Petersburg, live in the enjoyment of the same civil liberty, and are treated in the same mild manner as under the Swedish government; nay, the Emperor Alexander has increased their liberty. This union of the whole country has the most advantageous consequences. Formerly the Gymnasium at Wyborg was subordinate to the University of Dorpat: hence the German language prevailed in the instruction of youth; the Swedish was adopted by the higher classes; the Finnish had remained the language of the people; and the Russian was introduced with the military organization; thus there were four rival languages, and all of them were spoken and written badly and without taste. Now the gymnasium and the schools of the government of Wyborg, are united with the University of Abo, and the Swedish language, which is employed by the government, again becomes general.

In Abo itself also, literature has made rapid advances. The University is extended, and has several learned and able professors; for instance, M. Gadolin. The learned G. Rennwall is composing (at the expence of the Count Romanzow, Chancellor of the Empire) a complete Finnish Dictionary, with a Latin and German translation; the half of which is already finished in MS. With the year 1819, a good and well printed Journal began at Abo; it is called *Mnemosyne*; in the Swedish language, and edit-

ed by some promising young literati, who seem not to confine themselves to any literary party in Sweden. It has already given us very interesting essays and criticisms relative to the language and literature of Finland. This is an agreeable phenomenon to those who were acquainted with the old Gazette of Abo, which was as bad as possible. The zealous cultivation of the Finnish language is favourable to the improvement of the people, to the honor of the government, and to the sciences. This language is one of the most peculiar, the most regular, the most polished and sonorous. It has the most beautiful proportion between the number and distribution of the vowels and consonants, and may be compared in this respect with the Italian; it has not the disagreeable hissing letters of the Slave and Lapland languages, and resembles in this particular the Danish; it has, like the Icelandic and French, a forced accent; it has twelve cases, but only two or three declinations, and very few irregularities: thus possessing greater advantages, and fewer imperfections and difficulties. Like the Greek and the German, it is infinitely rich in derivatives and compounds, and seems to combine in itself the chief excellencies of the other European languages.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

**SULPHUR FUMIGATION.**—The advantages of this species of bath in cutaneous, rheumatic, and various other chronic disorders, are gradually recommending it to popular use. Dr. Gales, a French physician, has written an essay upon it (which has been translated) and received a pension of 6000 fr. as well as exclusive privilege to practise in that way in Paris, as the reward of his discovery and labours. It is, however, of great antiquity, and Dr. G. has no claim to having originated the application, far less the invention, of this important remedy. The efficacy of the celebrated sulphur fumigating baths as on the as celebrated lake of *Agnano*, near Naples, has been a matter of notoriety for ages. In those baths the sulphurous vapours rise spontaneously from the earth, probably from the bosom of some exhausted volcano. It is collected in apartments into which the patients enter, and the action of the vapour is similar to that described by Dr. Gales in the use of his artificial fumigations. But the value and application of sulphur fumigations to diseases of the skin, has been for many years, and antecedent to those of Dr. Gales, established nearer home. In the first edition of the very popular "Essay on Bathing," by Dr. Sir Arthur Clarke, we find it mentioned as a remedy of great practical value, and then in ordinary use; and he even mentions a case of leprosy of eight years' standing, cured by his *sulphurated vapour bath*, in 1812. We think it but justice, therefore, to state, that while those investigations were going on in Paris and on the Continent, the efficacy of the vapour arising from the combustion of sulphur as a curative means was established in Dublin.



## NEW INVENTION.

Having mentioned in our last number the new invention of Baron Von Draï, we extract, from a foreign journal, the following article on the subject. "Baron Von Draï of Mannheim, the inventor of the velocipede, has now invented what he calls an Elevating Telescope, by means of which, looking through a tube about an inch and a half in diameter and three feet high, in the shape of a stick, you may command, not two and a half, but twenty-one and a half degrees of the horizon, in spite of intervening obstacles. These telescopes, it is affirmed, will be particularly useful:—1st. In popular assemblies, though you stand on level ground, to look over the heads of the people, even if they wear high hats or head dresses;—2dly. For a general to command a much more extensive view than by ascending a high ladder;—3dly. On board ships, to see to as great a distance over the sea, when down below, as you could from the mast head; 4thly. In houses, to be able, by means of a tube, (which may always be turned round) through the roof of the house, to have almost the same effect in the lower story, as if the eye was elevated far above the house. The inventor is induced to enter into partnerships, to obtain patents for this invention, if acceptable offers are made him!!!

## FINE ARTS.

## BRITISH INSTITUTION.

[Recollections suggested by the Exhibition of Portraits, continued.]

Marble Bust of Oliver Cromwell. — *Marquis of Lansdowne.*

Those whom ardent curiosity tempts to deviate from the high road of common sense, into the labyrinth of speculative philosophy, to take a peep through the key-hole of the temple of mystery, would fancy themselves repaid for the rag-torn new suit, and the scratching and pricking of briars and thorns, by discovering this marvellous bust upon its altar. It cannot but be lamented, that we seek in vain to discover the name of the sculptor, whose skill could give life to a block of stone, with all those distinguishing characteristics of the extraordinary being, whose mental image is thus stamped, with more than mortal felicity. The physiognomist might here find a theme for a successful lecture on his disputed science; convert infidels to his faith, and make proselytes even of those who "have no speculation in the eye." In this countenance of Cromwell we read the written index to the mental history of a mighty man; wherein each page diversified, tells a stranger tale, yet not more strange than true. There hypocrisy and enthusiasm, cunning and zeal, bravery and meanness, firmness and suspicion, generosity and selfishness, cruelty and good nature, severity and weakness, villainy and justice;—a marvellous compound of consistent inconsistencies, forming a "wicked great man."

It was well observed by a contemporary Frenchman, who had formerly been at the

court of King Charles I. and who in common with other foreigners was astonished at the career of Oliver Cromwell, "That a man never goes so far as when he knows not whither he is going." This daring man, for all his visions, had not contemplated his future greatness, even after he had become the leader of a faction. So hopeless was he of a successful opposition to the crying sins of the court, that in his patriotic disgusts, he had realized the remnant of his paternal effects, and, together with Hampden, had taken his passage in a ship, to try his fortune in the new world. The evil genius of the king interposed authority, and stayed his expatriation. In fact, Cromwell, though confident to audacity, knew little of the extent of his own latent powers; for his prophetic spirit, like that of many a modern *pseudo prophet*, did not develop itself to his credulous followers, until after the events foretold were past. He was the chief of those who never put their superstitious heads out of window, but in the expectation of seeing the morning mists change to fiery dragons, or the evening clouds to armies drawn up in battle array; when, in short, in besotted England,

Truly, "the pleasure was as great  
In being cheated, as to cheat."

Cromwell too soon discovered the nature of the material he had to operate upon, and most sagaciously converted it to his ambitious purposes.

"More water glideth by the mill  
Than wots the Miller of."

Hampden alone appears to have had a presentiment of Cromwell's genius, though he lived not to see the consummation of his prophecy. Cromwell soon drew the attention of the House of Commons, by the pertinacity of his harangues on subjects of little apparent import. Lord Digby, on descending the stairs from the House, enquired of Hampden, "Pray, Sir, who is that man, for I see he is on our side by speaking so warmly to-day?" It should be noted, that although the three fates gossiped at Cromwell's birth, the three graces were not of the coterie. It was Cromwell's homely appearance that begot the inquiry. "That sloven," said Mr. Hampden, "whom you see before you hath no ornament in his speech; that sloven, I say, if we should ever come to a breach with the king, (which God forbid!) in such a case, I say, that sloven will be the greatest man in England." Lord Digby did not dream that he was asking the question of Cromwell's cousin.

If we are to give credit to the stories of his early life, the Lord Protector was a hopeful youth, and it might well move the cabalistic gossipers of the sixteenth century to note, that in the chamber of his birth the devil stood behind the door. The apartment was hung with figured tapestry, and a portrait of the cloven-footed fiend happened to fall into the group just in that spot. Perhaps it was that dark image which possessed him when a boy—the incubus hidden under the heavy suppers of the age, which his visions might naturally enough magnify to a

devilish large giant devil, who drew his curtain and told him, he 'should live to beaking.'

There are some born the sport of the destinies, merely to be hunted wild,—others to ever changing adventures, who through life are objects of their special care. Oliver Cromwell, the marvel of adventure, everlastingly in danger, to the terror of his friends, always escaped.

The first chapter of his wondrous history opens with a hair-breadth 'escape. When quite a child, at his grandfather's, Sir Cromwell, at Hinchinbrook, there was a large monkey in the mansion; the baboon, as well as the buffoon were oft times found as part of the establishment of great houses, a great while ago. Jaco took an extraordinary liking to master Oliver,—the sagacious animal might, for ought we know, have had the faculty, as well as others, to read the "lines o' th' face,"—and therein mark the presage of some monkey tricks. He seized the darling, and scrambled with him up the wall upon the roof of the house. The family, all terror, hastened to surround the height with beds, to catch the unconscious babe. But their fears were needless; the monkey protected the embryo protector, and brought him back in safety.

Another escape is recorded of this adventurous wight, when a school-boy, and alone in deep water, shrieking for help. He would have been drowned, had not a clergyman, of the name of Johnson, saved him at the hazard of his own life. Many years afterwards, when the minion of fortune had become a general, and was marching through Huntingdon at the head of his army, he recognised his preserver in the person of an aged man. Honesty and loyalty were not the best qualifications for preferment—he was only curate of Cunnington. "Do you remember me, Sir?" said Cromwell, "I owed my life to you some years ago." "Remember you, yes," answered the curate; "but, had I supposed that you would have appeared in arms against your sovereign, I would have held you under water, rather than dragged you out."

The early history of Cromwell forms a series of mischievous pranks; and his riper years were actively devoted to sensual and boisterous indulgences, to every immorality that constituted the probationary practice of a saint, who waited for a call.

The knights of old were educated in the school of virtue, and thought honour the only passport to fame;—but such were weak, and did not know—

"What free-born consciences may do."

The reformers of the sixteenth century had exploded these romantic modes, and, with regeneration, established a less self-denying code. This was the epoch of *new light*. Hence it was maintained, and stoutly too, that he could not become a saint militant, and bear a lance, who had not proved his qualifications as a miserable sinner.

Is't not ridiculous and nonsense,  
A saint should be a slave to conscience—  
That ought to be above such fancies,  
As far as above ordinances?

Oliver was well qualified. He had been a grief to his widowed mother, a nuisance to his relations, and a scourge to his pot companions; the first to begin a brawl, and the last to turn his back, or cry, "hold, enough." No respecter of persons, whilst a boy he had given his prince a bloody nose; and, when a man, the "Royster," he would get drunk with sturdy tinkers, and break heads with his quarter-staff. His exploits were not harmless among the gentler sex. When having proved

That "saints may do the same things by  
The spirit, in sincerity,  
Which other men are tempted to,  
And at the devil's instance do;  
And yet the actions be contrary,  
Just as the saints and wicked vary.  
For as on land there is no beast  
But in some fish at sea's express;  
So in the wicked there's no vice  
Of which the saints have not a spice.

Cromwell, when elected chief of the puritans, soon commenced the tragedy of Charles the First. The king had too much of the noble dignity of the knight, to descend to "calling of names;" yet he owed no small share of his evil fortune to the prevalence of this folly among the cavaliers.

Christian charity was not extinguished in the bosoms of the saints alone; the malicious and illiberal rage for reviling, disgraced even the dignitaries of the church, who, blinded by the fury of zeal, would not allow a solitary virtue to the roundheads. Indeed, all the Christian and the cardinal virtues were scared from the field, and vengeance blew the fire of civil war.

Archbishop Williams, a pernicious adviser of his sovereign, speaking of Cromwell to his royal master, says, "Every beast has some evil properties; but Cromwell has the properties of all evil beasts."

Dr. South thus described Cromwell, in a sermon preached at his church: the Protector was then gone to the grave. Such invectives were commonly delivered from the pulpit. "Who that have beheld," said the Doctor, "such a bankrupt, beggarly fellow as Cromwell, first entering the parliament-house, with a thread-bare torn cloak, and a greasy hat (and perhaps neither of them paid for), could have suspected, that in the space of so few years, he should, by the murder of one king, and banishment of another, ascend the throne, be invested in the royal robes, and want nothing of the state of a king, but the changing of his hat into a crown?"

The Usurper is thus caricatured by a contemporary:—"But Cromwell wants neither wardrobe nor armour; his face was naturally buff, and his skin may furnish him with a rusty coat of mail: you would think he had been christened in a lime pit, tanned alive, and his countenance still remains mangy. We cry out against superstition, and yet worship a piece of wainscot; certainly it is no human visage, but the emblem of a man-drake—one scarce comely enough for the progeny of Hecuba, had she whelped

\* This we believe wants confirmation, Ep.

him when she was a bitch. His soul, too, is as ugly as his body, for who can expect a jewel in the head of a toad? Yet this basilisk would king it; and a brewer's horse must be a lion."

That he had good sense enough not to quarrel with Nature for the person she had ordained to him, is evident in the conversation he held with Lely, when he sat to that admired painter for his portrait.—"I desire, Mr. Lely," said the Protector, "that you copy minutely those warts and excrescences which you perceive on my face; for if you do not produce a faithful resemblance, I would not give you a farthing for your work." He certainly did not bestow the honor of knighthood upon the painter for his flattery—for Lely has left us, in his fine portraits of Cromwell, sufficient proofs of the identity of his skill, not forgetting the red nose of his illustrious prototype. The pen of the wits seemed to derive fire from his blazing nose. This prominent feature was the unceasing subject for satire.

"Oliver, Oliver, take up thy crown,  
For now thou hast made three kingdoms thy own;

Call thee a conclave of thy own creation,  
To ride us to ruin who dare thee oppose,  
While we, thy good people, are at thy devotion,

To fall down and worship thy terrible nose."

Vide *Poems on his expected Coronation.*

In the same spirit one writes, "This Cromwell should be a bird of prey by his bloody beak; his nose is able to try a young eagle, whether he be lawfully begotten." Another says, "Cromwell's nose is the dominical letter;" and again, "His nose looked as prodigiously upon you as a fiery comet." Notwithstanding these raileries, and the picturesque colouring of his nose, there is so commanding a character in the visage of the Protector, that even in the diminutive portrait by Cooper, now exhibiting in the British Gallery, one perceives traits that mark him above the expression of ordinary men.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### A DAY-DREAM.

She must be fair whom I could love,  
But more in mind than form;  
She must be pure; whom I could love,  
And yet her heart be warm.

She must be piteous, soft, and kind,  
A sufferer with the sad;  
I could not love a maiden's mind,  
For ever idly glad.

She may be wild, she must be gay,  
In hours of youthful glee,  
When calmer thought gives welcome way  
To mirth and melody;

And she must nurse, with loftier zeal,  
That pure and deep delight,  
Which warms and softens all, who feel  
For Nature's works aright.

She may have foibles—nay, she must;  
From such what maid is free?  
Perfection, ill-combined with dust,  
Were sure no mate for me.

Yet must she nurse no bitterness,  
Nor aught imagine meanly;  
But err through venial fond excess  
Of feelings edged too keenly.

Such foibles, like the dewy sleep  
That shuts the flowers at night,  
With renovating shade will keep  
Her bloom of feeling bright.

The form of such a maid would blend  
With every thought of mine;  
Each wish would own her for its end,  
Each hope on her recline.

To me she would be such, as spring  
To wintry field or wood;  
A glowing influence, prompt to bring  
Luxuriancy of good.

IGNOTO SECONDO.

### [By Correspondents.]

#### FRAGMENT.

Is not this grove  
A scene of pensive loveliness—the gleam  
Of Dian's gentle ray falls on the trees,  
And piercing thro' the gloom, seems like the smile

That pity gives to cheer the brow of grief:  
The turf has caught a silvery hue of light  
Broken by shadows, where'er the branching oak  
Rears its dark shade, or where the aspen waves  
Its trembling leaves. The breeze is murmuring

by,  
Fraught with sweet sighs of flowers and the song  
Of sorrow, that the nightingale pours forth,  
Like the soft dirge of love.

There is oft told  
A melancholy record of this grove—  
It was time once the haunt of young affection—  
And now seems hallowed by the tender vows  
That erst were breathed here.

Sad is the tale  
That tells of blighted feelings, hopes destroyed;  
But love is like the rose, so many ills  
Assail it in the bud—the cankering blast,  
The frost of winter and the summer storm,  
All bow it down; rarely the blossom comes  
To full maturity; but there is nought  
Sinks with so chill a breath as Faithlessness,—  
As she could tell whose loveliness yet lives  
In village legends. Often, at this hour  
Of lonely beauty, would she list the tale  
Of tenderness, and hearken to the vows  
Of one more dear than life unto her soul:  
He twined him round a heart which beat with all  
The deep devotedness of early love—  
Then left her, careless of the passion which  
He had awakened into wretchedness:  
The blight which withered all the blossoms love  
Had fondly cherish'd, wither'd to the heart  
Which gave them birth. Her sorrow had no  
voice.

Save in her faded beauty; for she looked  
A melancholy, broken-hearted girl:  
She was so changed, the soft carnation cloud  
Once mantling o'er her cheek like that which  
eve

Hangs o'er the sky, glowing with roscate hue  
Had faded into paleness, broken by  
Bright burning blushes, torches of the tomb.  
There was such sadness, even in her smiles,  
And such a look of utter hopelessness  
Dwelt in her soft blue eye—a form so frail,  
So delicate, scarce like a thing of earth—  
'Twas sad to gaze upon a brow so fair,  
And see it traced with such a tale of woe—  
To think that one so young and beautiful  
Was wasting to the grave.

Within yon bower,  
Of honey suckle and the snowy wealth  
The mountain ash puts forth to welcome spring,  
Her form was found reclined upon a bank,  
Where nature's sweet unnurtur'd children bloom.  
One white arm lay beneath her drooping head,  
While her bright tresses twin'd their sunny  
wreath  
Around the polish'd ivory; there was not  
A tinge of colour mantling o'er her lovely face;  
'Twas like to marble, where the sculptor's skill  
Has traced each charm of beauty but the blush.  
Serenity so sweet sat on her brow;  
So soft a smile yet hover'd on her lips,  
At first they thought 'twas sleep—and sleep it  
was—  
The cold long rest of death.

L.

On a Lady with a hooked Nose singing.

What in Clorinda's mouth can be,  
Who sings like merry linnet?  
'Tis something queer—for you may see  
Her nose keeps peeping in it.

A. M. A.

## BIOGRAPHY.

ALI PASHA.

Though there is a very ample biography of Ali Pasha in the *Literary Gazette* for 1817, (pages 295, 314, 327,) yet, at the present moment, when so much interest is excited by the war between him and the Porte, the following brief notice may be acceptable to our later subscribers. Ali Pasha of Jonina, who is now about sixty years of age, has invariably maintained a threatening attitude towards his neighbours, and has ever been dreaded by the Porte. He is by birth an *Arnaut*, and has numbers of his countrymen in his service, who are not deficient either in talent or education. From his earliest youth he evinced a strong taste for politics, and his secretaries daily translate to him the most striking articles from the English, French, Italian, and German Journals; he has likewise read the works of all the publicists of Europe.

His dominions are very extensive, comprehending ancient Epirus, Acarnania, Phocis, Thessaly, several districts of Ætolia, and Macedonin, as well as the passes of the Pinus. His army is well disciplined after the European manner, and amounts to about 30,000 men.

His treasures are variously estimated; it is impossible to state their exact amount; but it is well known, that his coffers contain such vast sums of money, that he may be enabled to carry on war successfully for a long period.

Jonina, the capital of his dominions, is a regularly built city, containing about 40,000 inhabitants, among whom are a great number of Greeks. It is accounted the most ancient city in Greece, and is the centre of almost all the trade of the Levant. Its principal mercantile houses trade with every part of Europe, and have agents at Vienna, Venice, Constantinople, &c.

It has been remarked, that Ali Pasha greatly resembles the ancient chiefs of the

\* See *Literary Gazette*, No 185.

Huns, Bulgarians, and Vandals. Like them, he is at once ferocious and magnanimous. He conceives great projects, and sometimes loses all self-control, even in the most trivial circumstances: he is ambitious, yet he has no fixed and invariable object in his ambition; his subjects obey him, though he has not the art of winning their affections; he does not reign by proclamations and promises, but by the sabre and the bow-string.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

## ANECDOTE TOWARDS THE HISTORY OF THE SPANISH INQUISITION.

When General Lasalle entered Toledo, he immediately visited the Palace of the Inquisition. The great number of the instruments of torture, especially the instrument to stretch the limbs, the drop baths (already known) which cause a lingering death, excited horror even in the minds of the soldiers hardened in the field of battle. Only one of these instruments, singular in its kind, for refined torture, disgraceful to reason and religion in the choice of its object, seems to deserve a particular description. In a subterranean vault adjoining the Secret Audience Chamber, stood, in a recess in the wall, a wooden statue made by the hands of Monks, representing—who would believe it?—the Virgin Mary. A gilded Glory beamed round her head, and she held a standard in her right hand. It immediately struck the spectator, notwithstanding the ample folds of the silk garment which fell from the shoulders on both sides, that she wore a breast plate. Upon a closer examination it appeared that the whole front of the body was covered with extremely sharp nails, and small blades of knives with the points projecting outwards. The arms and hands had joints, and their motions were directed by machinery placed behind the partition. One of the servants of the Inquisition, who was present, was ordered by the General to make the machine *manœuvre*, as he expressed himself. As the statue extended its arms and gradually drew them back, as if she would affectionately press somebody to her heart, the well-filled knapsack of a Polish grenadier supplied for this time the place of the poor victim. The statue pressed it closer and closer, and when at the command of the General, the director of the machinery made it open its arms and return to its first position, the knapsack was pierced two or three inches deep, and remained hanging upon the nails and knife-blades. It is remarkable, that the barbarians had the wickedness to call this instrument of torture *Madra Dolorosa*,—not the deeply afflicted, pain-enduring; but, by a play on words, the pain-giving—Mother of God.

## THE DRAMA.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—*Patent Seasons*, a drama of mixed reproach and satire upon the management of Drury Lane, for the unreasonable opening of that theatre, under the plea of giving Mr. Kean an opportunity of exhibiting his characters previous to em-

barking for America, has been successfully got up at this summer house. It possesses fully as much point and humour as could be expected from a production so hastily elicited; and indeed, its merits are such as to prove, that when men write in earnest with their subject, they always write best. After a tolerably fair address (spoken by Miss Kelly, as Thalia), which ridicules the large dramatic temples, Harley appears, as Manager Drill, from the Manager's last Kick, and, with humorous pathos, laments the "downfall of his house," in consequence of the winter of the winter theatres lasting, not only all summer, but all the year. Various performers come in, and he describes to them their forlorn situation; and pun and parody amuse the audience. Miss Carew, as Polly from the Beggar's Opera, introduces very naturally a dirge upon the beggared Opera House. Wilkinson, a dry comedian, as the blue coat boy, Geoffrey Mufscap, relates his misfortune as a country player of light comedy, (i. e. carrying the torches, and illuming the candles) which led him to his present climax of misfortune in the Strand, where the treasury cannot pay him his shilling a week: and he steals off to pilfer the O. P. leg of the fowl which Miss Carew left from No Song No Supper last night. And a chorus of thieves chaunt a parody with the manager, beginning,

Hark, I hear no sound of coaches;  
The devil of a one approaches.

Exhausted by these exertions, Drill falls asleep, and a vision opens to him of Sir Joshua's fine picture of Garrick between the Tragic and Comic Muse. The figures are real, viz. Wrench as Garrick, Melpomene, Miss Love, and Thalia, Miss Kelly, who leaves her *canvas* to make her *election* of this theatre. Garrick also descends from his frame, awakes the manager, and a very clever and biting dialogue ensues. Garrick, to whose portrait Wrench does infinite credit, advises Drill how to act, and in this way lashes the manager of Drury most mercilessly. Drill, looking at Wrench as Garrick, observes that he is taller than the original, and clearly alluding to Kean, says, "he thought your tragic heroes were *short chops*;" to which Garrick answers, "that they like to *run as long as they can*. He then imitates Mr. Elliston's addresses to the audience, to procure occasion to deliver which is ascribed to a check-taker sent to the gallery with instructions to be noisy; he tells Drill to print his bills with one great actor's name in great letters, and the rest like Hamlet's picture, "in little," to show the public how little there is worth seeing; he counsels managerial puff in the same bill as denouncing puffing; and if deep, (Drill, by parenthesis, asks, "Deep in debt?") he accuses the minor theatres of cunning; if poor, to twit them with poverty; and above all, to invite the tradesmen to send in their bills before they are due, in order that they may be examined and (paid says Drill?) put by. After a good deal of this, cleverly done, the serious mixed with jokes, there is a grand procession in which the lead-  
ing actors of



this place of amusement appear in the costume of particular parts, carrying explanatory banners. They sing a round, and the curtain drops. We were entertained with the performances, and think the idea ably developed, and much in the manner of our livelier neighbours on the other side of the sea.

**Whang Fong.**—A farce, resembling in its construction the Agreeable Surprise, but, unluckily, without its Lingo, was produced on the same night with the preceding; but, though not destitute of some commendatory qualities, it does not seem destined for longevity. We might select a few jests, as the salt of this piece; but the mass of the performance was so indifferent, that even if the author were better than he is, his success must have been rendered very problematical. Harley, certainly a prop to any theatre like this, and Wilkinson, a good, though limited *Drole*, exhibited the characters of an intriguing valet and male gossip to advantage; and a debutante, Mrs. Pindar, sustained the part of an abigail, in a way to establish herself fairly in that line. But the rest were "leather and prunella."

While we, by repeating to a certain degree, countenance the cessation of Drury Lane by the Lyceum for its unworthy quackery and absurdity, we ought in candour to notice, that the *little theatre* is not a whit behind-hand with the *big*, in the offences it reprehends. The bills of the English Opera House are as replete with false assertion and puff, as the bills of Drury Lane; and (no longer) to our surprise, we have repeatedly seen in both (and in short, in the bills of all the theatres, great and small) more wonderful transformations than ever Harlequin's wand accomplished—empty benches, into crowded houses—hisses, into rapturous shouts of applause—contempt, into enthusiastic admiration—and the most stolid apathy, into electrical approbation. Indeed, as far as the public is concerned, the dispute is between the *poet* and the *hettie*.

**HAYMARKET THEATRE.**—On Tuesday, Mr. Terry appeared as Falstaff, in the First part of Henry the Fourth. This performance had been promised for a considerable time, and much expectation had been raised upon it. The actor's habits were familiar to the public; and while he was known as among the most judicious of the Stage, it was not altogether conceived that he had the qualities suited for the rotund humour of Sir John. Notwithstanding prediction, he succeeded. We are not much in the habit of panegyric, as we are by no means sure that much of it is deserved in this world of moderate men and things. But Mr. Terry unquestionably gave us the strongest impression of Falstaff that we have hitherto received. We have not now space to detail the passages in which he exhibited his superiority. By his soliloquy on honour, his description of his ragged troop, and his acting in the scene with Percy's body, excited great applause. He has certainly added a character to the modern stage.

#### VARIETIES.

*The Kaleidoscope applied to a moral pur-*

*pose.*—Admiral Sir Sidney Smith, who has made so many efforts to release the Christian slaves in Africa, and to free Europe from the disgraceful yoke which the Barbary States impose on most of the maritime states, has made use of an ingenious modification of the kaleidoscope, for the attainment of his humane purpose. He has had kaleidoscopes made, where, among the infinitely various figures which the instrument produces, moral sentences of the Koran in Arabic characters are constantly presented to the eye; one of them is that which forbids the slave trade; others express thoughts such as the following: "No power but from God;" "All men are brethren," &c. &c. Sir Sidney, who has very extensive connections in the Levant, has sent kaleidoscopes of this kind to some Pashas, and also to several European Consuls, to circulate them by means of caravans, and thus to present in an agreeable manner to the attention of many ignorant people, these short and clear sentences, which are supported by the authority of their sacred books, and contain the first elements of civilization.

**An Irish tribute to General Vallancey.**—The general was regarded by some of the *Milesians* of Ireland with enthusiastic affection; for his exertions in the cause of the ancient literature and history of that country. Many odd proofs were given of this feeling. Among the rest, the veteran used to tell with the utmost good humour, that a Kerry gentleman waited on him in Killarney with a knife of antique fashion, which he presented him with these words: "General, this knife has been in my family one hundred and fifty years, during which time it had only three blades and two handles; and though it is a family relic, it is perfectly at your service, for the zale you have shown in the cause of ould Ireland. I got the last blade in yesterday, and the last handle a month ago, that I might give you this rare antiquity as perfect as possible."

**Baron Smyth's Riddle.**—Some men of the greatest talents have taken delight in composing or endeavouring to unravel riddles. Dean Swift is a case in point. Sir William Smyth, the learned Irish Baron of the Exchequer, at one time spent two days and nights in considering the answer to this conundrum: Why is an egg underdone, like an egg overdone? He would not suffer any one to give him the answer, which he at last discovered. It is a tolerable pun enough. Because they are both *hardly* done.

**Irish Banks.**—There has been sad havoc among the southern banks of Ireland within these few months, and of course their failures have furnished very constant topics of conversation, with respect to their presumed solvency. A dispute arose about the comparative merits of the banks of Cork and Clonmell, in one of these conversations. "I own, (said one of the company) I prefer Clonmell to Cork. In the former, the banks are always on the *Sure* side, and in the latter, as constantly on the *Lee* side." The *Sure* and *Lee* are the rivers on which these towns stand.

Whilst Madame Catalani remained at St.

Petersburgh, she gave several concerts, each of which produced receipts amounting to twenty thousand roubles. The latest accounts mention, that she had set out on a visit to the castles of Zarskoyeselo and Pawloski, where she was to sing before the Emperor Alexander and his court. She will return to St. Petersburg to give her last concert, previous to her departure for Sweden and Denmark.

It has lately been the fashion in Paris, for gentlemen, as well as ladies, to sport fans in the theatres and all public places. A French poet says:

"L'evantail d'une belle est le sceptre du monde." Perhaps the gentlemen have adopted the fan in the hope of ruling also.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

AUGUST, 1820.

Thursday, 17—Thermometer from 55 to 72. Barometer from 29.96 to 29.93.

Wind S.W. 2, and W. b. S. 1.—Morning generally cloudy; afternoon and evening generally clear.

Friday, 18—Thermometer from 48 to 71. Barometer from 30.01 to 29.96.

Wind N. b. W.  $\frac{1}{2}$ , and S. W.  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Cloudy till noon; the rest of the day generally clear.

Saturday, 19—Thermometer from 46 to 68. Barometer from 29.89 to 29.96.

Wind N. b. E.  $\frac{1}{2}$ , and S.W. 2, and 1.—Clouds generally passing; sunshine at times. Heavy thunder, with rain, about 1 P.M. which continued for about an hour.

Sunday, 20—Thermometer from 39 to 68. Barometer from 30.00 to 30.04.

Wind N. 1. and E. S. E.  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Generally clear; clouds passing.

Rain fallen .05 of an inch. Monday, 21—Thermometer from 41 to 61. Barometer from 30.00 to 29.96.

Wind E. b. N.  $\frac{1}{2}$ , and N. E. 2.—Generally raining.

Tuesday, 22—Thermometer from 49 to 58. Barometer from 29.96 to 30.03.

Wind N. E. 3 and 4.—Generally cloudy; in the evening it became clear.

Rain fallen .2 of an inch. Wednesday, 23—Thermometer from 49 to 60.

Barometer from 30.11 to 30.29; Wind N. E. 2, and  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Generally cloudy; sunshine at times in the morning.

On Sunday 27th, at 28 minutes, 51 seconds after 10, the 3d Satellite of Jupiter will immerse into the shadow of his body, and emerge at 40 minutes, 18 seconds after 1 in the morning; and on the 4th of September, the 2nd Satellite will immerse at 21 minutes, 1 second after 8.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are requested by R. W. E. to solicit from our Correspondent signing "a Thief-Taker," (see our last Number) a correct reference to the volume on which his charge of plagiarism is founded. It is for a special reason, and R. W. E. has given us his address.

Ellen Janet's verses would open the door to an overflow of the same kind: we must therefore content ourselves with handing them to his publisher, for the gratification of the happy bard to whom they are addressed.

We purpose inserting another paper on the important subject of Insanity and the Treatment of the Insane, in our next Number.

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### Miscellaneous Advertisements, (Connected with Literature and the Arts.)

*Close of the British Gallery, Pall Mall.*

THIS GALLERY, with an Exhibition of PORTRAITS of distinguished Persons in the History and Literature of the United Kingdom, is open daily, from 10 in the Morning until 6 in the Evening; and will be closed on Saturday next, the 24 of Sept.  
(By order) JOHN YOUNG, Keeper.  
Admission 1s.—Catalogue 1s.—Historical ditto 2s.

#### Tomkins's Picture Lottery.

MR. TOMKINS begs to announce his intention to draw this Lottery as early as possible in the Spring. By the Act of Parliament just passed the time cannot be extended beyond July 1821; and in order to remove all impediments respecting the Drawing, Parliament have provided for a Drawing, under the direction of Commissioners, separately from the State Lottery, should the Numbers not correspond. The Public may therefore be assured, that no disappointment can take place, as neither care nor expense has been spared to render the Prizes engaged to be given in this Lottery of real value and excellence. Tickets, price 3s. 6d. each, are on sale at the Exhibition of the Specimens of Prizes, Nos. 53 and 54, New Bond Street; and at all Lottery Offices, where Prospectuses may be had. This Lottery consists of 16,500 Prizes—valued at 152,250l. 12s. The Purchasers of Two Tickets, one Red and one Black, are sure to gain a prize, which may be value 7,000l. 5,700l. 3,000l. &c. &c.

#### Fine Arts.

On the 1st of September will be published, **VIEWS IN GREECE, from Drawings by E. Dodwell, Esq. F. S. A.** Part V. imperial folio.  
II. PARIS and its Environs: from a drawing by Captain Batty. No. 5, imperial 8vo.  
III. SWISS SCENERY, from drawings by Major Cockburn. No. XI. imperial 8vo.  
IV. VIEWS OF THE LAKES OF CUMBERLAND and WESTMORELAND, drawn and designed by W. Westall, R. A. No. III. completing Keswick Lake.  
V. VIEWS ON MOUNT CENIS; engraved on stone, from drawings by Major Cockburn, royal folio, No. III. Printed for Rodwell and Martin, Bond Street.

#### Dr. Rees's Cyclopædia Complete.

THE Proprietors beg to inform the Public that complete Sets of this valuable Work, which is just completed in 45 volumes, including the Plates, may be now had of all the Booksellers. Of all the Encyclopædias to which the original and celebrated Dictionary of Chambers has given birth, the Cyclopædia of Dr. Rees is the most comprehensive. The long life of the learned and indefatigable Editor has been unremittingly devoted to its improvement, aided by his numerous and able Coadjutors. The elegant and accurate engravings of Lowry, Milton, and Scott, which illustrate this Publication, are in themselves of superior utility and value, and render the Work unique in this popular Class of Publications. In order, indeed, to insure every perfection in their power, and to fold their original promises, the Proprietors have expended nearly Three Hundred Thousand Pounds on the Work. The Subscribers to this Work are requested to complete their Sets immediately, as some of the Parts are scarce, and will shortly be entirely out of print, when the Proprietors cannot engage to complete them.

#### To Printers, Booksellers, Stationers, &c. &c.

A MOST desirable opportunity offers itself, on moderate terms, to any one wishing to be advantageously placed in the above branches, in one of the best situations in the kingdom: attached to the concern (which has been established upwards of 40 years), is a very extensive Circulating Library. The Stock may be considerably reduced, at the option of the purchaser. For particulars apply personally, or by letter, post paid, to Mr. John Rackham, Angel Hill, Bury St. Edmund's, the Proprietor (who is retiring from business).

This day is published, by John Rackham, A CATALOGUE of a large Collection of PAMPHLETS, Ancient and Modern; consisting of above Five Thousand Five Hundred, in Divinity, Sermons, History, Politics, Poetry, Plays, Arts and Sciences, Mis-

cellanies, &c. which are now selling, at the prices affixed to each article. Catalogues, price one shilling (allowed on purchases to the amount of 10s.) may be had at the place of sale; or through the medium of any bookseller, at No. 30, Strand, London.

### BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

#### Mr. Dallas's New Novel.

In 4 vols. 12mo. 11. 8s. boards.  
**SIR FRANCIS DARRELL; or, the Vortex.**  
A Novel. By R. C. DALLAS, Esq. author of Percival, Aubrey, Morland, &c. &c. Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, London. Of whom may be had, Mr. Dallas's other Novels and Miscellaneous Works, in 7 vols. 12mo.

#### In 4 vols. 12mo. 11. 8s. bds.

**TALES OF THE HEART.** By Mrs. OPIE.  
Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, London. Of whom may be had, by the same Author,  
1. NEW TALES, 4 vols. 12mo. 11. 8s. boards.  
2. FATHER and DAUGHTER, 12mo. 4s. 6d. boards.  
3. TALES OF REAL LIFE, in 3 vols. 12s. boards.  
4. SIMPLE TALES, 4 vols. 12mo. 11. 1s. boards.  
5. TEMPER; or, Domestic Scenes, 3 vols. 11. 1s.  
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